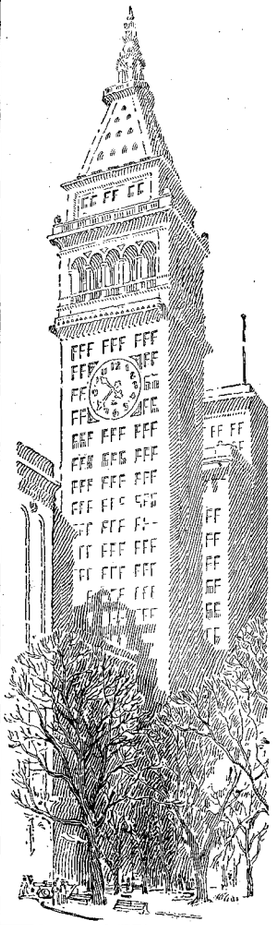
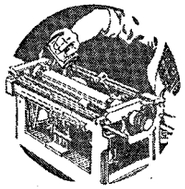
Every Office Needs

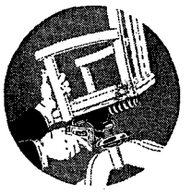


a clean, pure, *non-gummy* oil to keep typewriters, adding and billing machines, cash registers and other office mechanisms in perfect working order.

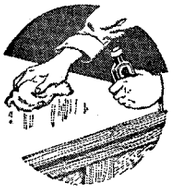


3-in-One

is the right oil to use. Instead of collecting dirt in the delicate bearings, as inferior oils do, 3-in-One works all dust and dirt out. Minimizes friction. Wears long. Never gums or dries out.



Try 3-in-One on stubborn locks, squeaky revolving chairs and hinges. Prevents rust.



Put a few drops of 3-in-One on a damp cloth to clean and polish office desks and filing cabinets. Brings back the "new" look.

Sold at all stores—in the Handy Oil Can, 25c, and in 15c, 25c and 50c bottles.

FREE Generous sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses—both sent FREE on request.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
165 AEG. Bdway., New York

Are You An Investor?

During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. This service is entirely free to Outlook readers.

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

A Query (Continued)

"visit your local high school, if you can bring yourself to take the trouble, and investigate these things for yourselves. If they are not true to a great extent, my observational powers are *nil*."

And the worst of it is, the end of the whole problem is beyond most of us. If these things continue (and frankly I can't see that much has been done to ameliorate conditions lately), grammar and high school education in America will become a by-word and a reproach.

To my mind, the whole system of secondary education must be renovated, and at once. Begin at the beginning, if possible, and teach the children something which is worth while, but *teach* them *something*. Then there will be some fundamentals to work on when they come up to high school, and if we can take things easy and cut out a large part of the drivel that finds its way into a majority of the curricula we will have traveled far in the right direction.

What we want is some one far-sighted enough and brave enough to rip the whole fabric from top to bottom, and begin to weave all over again. This, I am convinced, is the only solution to the problem.

"THE CAPTAIN OF THE MEN OF DEATH"

I read with hearty approval your editorial entitled "The Captain of the Men of Death," in The Outlook of December 5. It is timely and stated in plain language, the meaning of which cannot be misunderstood. It should be read by every citizen of this country. Education by lectures and printed articles will do much to curb the evil. Lectures on the subject should be given in every cantonment and college and university in the land. Bishops Lawrence and Williams have also spoken plainly.

But the most effective remedy is the law and its enforcement. If a person has any contagious disease, the law isolates him, confines him, and prohibits even relatives from visiting him. But common prostitutes, reeking with the most filthy and dangerous diseases, are permitted to walk our streets and congregate in houses from which to spread disease, physical, mental, and moral. In Michigan the extreme penalty for keeping a house of prostitution is imprisonment for five years. The extreme penalty is none too severe for the keepers of these vile dens. Other States have similar laws. Yet is there a large city in the United States where these dens do not exist, and by the connivance and protection of the public officers? Officers charged with the duty to enforce the laws are mayors of cities, the police, sheriffs, marshals, and constables, with the district or prosecuting attorneys to prosecute.

All those who aid or abet the commission of a crime are equally guilty with the actual perpetrator. It follows that the owner of the house who rents it for the purpose, the head of the house, the inmates, and its patrons are all alike guilty. This law can be easily enforced with competent and honest officials and fearless judges.

The rigid enforcement of the laws against these vile dens will destroy the white slave trade by destroying its markets.

Educate, educate, educate, but for the sake of consistency and decency let us remove from our country the disgrace of the non-enforcement of law and try the effect of enforcement.

C. B. GRANT.

Orlando, Florida.

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BY THE WAY

The "Railway Age" says that a great deal of delay in freight-carrying is due to carelessly loaded cars. In shipping lumber, for instance, the load, in a large number of cases, slides "over the top" and gets disarranged at the end of an open car during the process of shunting. "In the month of May alone the cost of transferring and reshaping loads of lumber at Memphis amounted to $39,308." Bulkheading the ends of the cars is the remedy suggested.

A pungent thought uttered by Henry Ward Beecher finds its way into a contemporary trade magazine: "I'd rather have a man feel sorry for his sins after hearing one of my sermons than to have him tell me what a fine sermon it was."

An inventor who has attracted considerable attention claims to have found a way to drive a battle-ship without fuel. But what the average householder would like to see is an invention that can be harnessed up to the furnace in his cellar to enable it to be operated in this way.

A writer in "The Sphere" (London) says that electrically heated gloves are a part of the equipment of a certain automobile, the current for heating the gloves being obtained from the lighting system of the car. Furthermore, "in the aviation service of some of the Allied forces electric heating for all the clothing has already been adopted." The aviator will thus be enabled to attain higher altitudes without inconvenience from the extreme cold of the upper air currents.

An unintentionally irreverent prayer was made in a missionary meeting called for the benefit of Chinese converts, as reported in "Harper's Magazine." "O Lord," prayed a fervent helper in the work, "we have shunned these Thy children because of their pigtails and crooked eyes. But, O Lord, we are sorry, for we have this day learned that they, too, are made in Thy image."

"One of the chaps in my company," writes a young soldier from France as quoted in a Chicago paper, "threw down a book he was studying and said, 'I got stuck when I bought this.' I said, 'What is it?' 'It's supposed to be a French and English dictionary. But all I can see in it is such words as umbrella, uncle, and undertaker.' 'Well,' I said, 'tell me what you want to find; perhaps I can help you.' 'Oh,' he said, 'something like, "Say, you got nice eyes, kid," or "Ain't I seen you some place before?"'"

Ugo d'Annunzio, son of the famous poet Gabriele d'Annunzio, is in this country as the head of an Italian commission. To a reporter he said: "My father, although beyond military age, is enthusiastic and will continue active to the end of this war. Of course you know of his having lost an eye in battle in the air and also of a serious wound in his wrist from shell fire, but do you know that he was not long ago up for nine and a half hours in an airplane flying over the Austrian lines—which is a remarkable record"? The poet is in his fifty-fourth year. His son's portrait is printed in this issue.

Now comes Government control of fashions, if a despatch from London, purporting to come from the American Consul-General, is authentic:

War office forbids from February 1, except under permit from Director of Raw Materials, the purchase, sale, or offers to purchase or sell any boots for women with uppers exceeding 7 inches in height if of leather or 8 inches in height if of any other material. From January 1 manufacturers are forbidden to cut material or uppers exceeding dimensions named.

A story credited to Mr. C. H. Towne, editor of "McClure's," illustrates the genial persiflage occasionally indulged in by the "artist group:" "Not long ago, at the Players Club, Mr. Childe Hassam approached Mr. Oliver Herford and said: 'Why do you always paint kittens, kittens?' 'It is true that I often paint kittens, kittens,' returned Mr. Herford, fixing Mr. Hassam with his eye, 'but at least I do not call them landscapes.'"

A naïve appreciation of an artist's work comes from another source. This story refers to Ben Foster, who, when sketching in the Maine woods last summer, came upon an old cabin that he had once occupied when camping out. The owner at first failed to recognize Mr. Foster, then exclaimed: "Oh, now I remember you; you're the fellow that painted that picture on the door. Say, lots of people liked that picture and wanted to buy it of me. Say, I've been offered as much as three dollars for that picture. Fact! But I won't sell it. Money can't buy it!"

Oddly named articles were sold in the stores in Colonial times, according to Lee's recently published "History of American Journalism." An advertisement published in the "Pennsylvania Gazette" in 1752 announced that Isaac Jones would sell cheap the following things:

Boiled and common camblets, single and double alopeens, broad and narrow shaloons, tammies, durants, plain and corded poplins, duroys, calimancoes, common and silk sagathies, florettas, bearskins, common and hair grazets, tabbies, ducapes, stay galloon and twist, men's and women's thread, dowlas, ozenbrigs, &c.

Dowlas and ozenbrigs, it may be explained, were coarse linens; ducape was a heavy silk, durant a strong cloth, duroy was short for corduroy, and calimanco was a glossy woolen fabric made in Flanders.

Another advertisement quoted by Mr. Lee bears the ear-marks of Benjamin Franklin's sarcastic humor. It reads:

Taken out of Pew in the Church, a Common Prayer Book, bound in red, gilt, and lettered D. F. (Deborah Franklin) on each cover. The Person who took it is desired to open it and read the eighth commandment, and afterwards return it into the same Pew again, upon which no further Notice will be taken.

Some of the items found in Colonial newspapers as early as 1747 have a modern flavor, a certain present-day timeliness. Threatened invasion by the French and Indians had led to hasty armament with lavish appropriations, and there were charges of graft. Parker's "New York Gazette and Weekly Post-Boy" alleged that many of the guns purchased were out of date and practically useless, and that the beef for soldiers was more effective than powder because its odor would drive away the enemy. The editor offered the explanation that the guns were probably supplied by Quakers, who had scruples against the taking of human life!

Since the beginning of the war, according to the New York "Journal of Commerce," seventy-nine American vessels have been sunk by mines, submarines or other enemy vessels, with a loss of 301 lives. The largest of these was the John D. Archbold, of 8,374 tons. Fifty-nine of these vessels have been sunk since the United States entered the war, last April.

Quality is something in the paper itself. Style is the way the paper is made up into stationery. Each is necessary and both are found in

Crane's Linen Lawn

[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

The Quality is the fruit of years of successful paper making. The Style is the flowering of artistic creation

Usable samples sent on request for fifteen cents in stamps

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
New York Pittsfield Mass.

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THE OUTLOOK
TRAVEL AND RECREATION BUREAU

CALIFORNIA FOR YOUR VACATION THIS WINTER

Each season brings hundreds of visitors to California for the winter. **San Francisco, Del Monte, Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, Los Angeles, Long Beach, San Diego, Coronado,** etc., are most attractive and offer many advantages to both the tourist and the homeseeker. Accommodations of all kinds, from small furnished bungalows at a nominal rental to the large comfortable hotels, are available. Let us help you plan a trip to California. There is no charge to Outlook readers for this service.

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Stopping at principal ports of Peru and Chile. Illustrated folder and information on request.

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Albemarle Park
Asheville, N.C.

One of those "wholly satisfying" places found once in a while and never forgotten; simple, perfect service, informality, concentrated comfort.

Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate

Open All Year

Write for Booklet "O." Make reservation

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adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

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Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

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Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

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BOSSERT
Montague, Hicks, and Remsen Streets
BROOKLYN
TRANSIENT AND RESIDENTIAL
The science of conducting a hotel properly is at its highest when it is least apparent. This is exemplified by the cultured, livable atmosphere of the Hotel Bossert.
Send for illustrated booklet "B"

MASSACHUSETTS

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well
you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than
THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance. Outdoor sports if desired. Good sleighing and skating is now being enjoyed.

Health Resorts

Tuberculous Patients
receive best of board and care at
THE WILKINSON HOUSE
Liberty, N. Y. Rates $18.00 up. Booklet.

ROSE VALLEY SANITARIUM
Box D, Media, Pa. For treatment of disease by Osteopathy and allied physiological methods, including Fruit, Milk, and other Scientific Diets; Hydrotherapy; Massage; Corrective Exercise; Sun, Light, and Air baths, etc. Ideal for rest and recreation. Booklet on request.

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

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A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

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A sanitarium for convalescence, treatment and rest. Large, sunny rooms. Graduate nurses. Address for terms, Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D.

Winter Camps

Pine Ridge Camp
Ideal for outdoor life in Winter. Main house and individual cabins. Certified city water. Northern cooking; tutoring for children. November to May. Rates moderate. Write Miss GEORGIA E. CROCKER, Aiken, S. C.

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No matter where it is. Pay no fees or commissions. Sell quickly—and for cash—by using THE SIMPLEX SELLING PLANS. 5,000 properties already sold by this efficient method. Valuable information free.
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FOR SALE
A Well-Established Country Day School
Near Boston. Address 7,513, Outlook.

PENNSYLVANIA

FOR SALE
in the suburbs of Philadelphia. For a small sum,
A Country Day School of Forty Boys
which has made a name for itself as a much needed institution in its community. An unusually strong backing from its patrons. A young school capable of great development. Possession at end of present school year. Details to principals only. Address SCHOOL, P. O. Box 1,592, Philadelphia, Pa.

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UNITARIANISM
Religion in harmony with reason and emotion. Free literature.
ASSOCIATE DEPARTMENT E, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE, home study, good position. American School Home Economics, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—Woman of experience as superintendent of a New York club. Personal interview necessary. 5,614, Outlook.

WANTED—Two active, educated men between 30 and 60 years of age for special work. Address Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc., 449 Fourth Ave., New York City.

SECRETARY-bookkeeper wanted in a boarding school near New York and Philadelphia. Steady position. State qualifications and experience. 5,625, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MATRONS, governesses, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, Providence. Bo ton office, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court, Thursdays, 11 to 1.

TRAINED institution managers, matrons, dietitians supplied. American School of Home Economics, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Mother's helper. 2 adults, one baby. State experiences and wages. 5,624, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

CALIFORNIA needs teachers with graduate study. Consult Boynton-Esterly Teachers' Agency, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cal.

TEACHERS desiring school or college positions apply International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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YOUNG medical doctor, captain British army, eighteen months trenches France. Will shortly be invalided from service, not crippled. Would act medical adviser, secretary, etc., to invalid. 5,613, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

FRENCH gentleman desires position as companion, or to converse with one desirous of improving in the French language. 5,617, Outlook.

INTELLIGENT, capable American woman wants position. Attendant, companion, housekeeper. CAREFUL driver automobile, electric. Country, city. 5,618, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, first-class seamstress, wants position as companion or care for one child. 5,621, Outlook.

EDUCATED, refined woman, graduate nurse, wishes position in family as companion. 5,622, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

POSITION as teacher of drawing or commercial colorist by woman of long experience, capable of supervising 5,606, Outlook.

ENGLISH governess, languages, music, 2 years' reference, seeks position, South preferred. Address Room 429, Junior League Hotel, East 78th St., New York.

GOVERNESS, Protestant, speaks English. French conversation. Best references. 5,620, Outlook.

LADY wishes to place experienced French nursery governess to care for children. Personal reference. 5,626, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Red Cross needs nurses. The Cooley Dickinson Hospital, Northampton, Mass., can train you. Send for information. A small hospital, excellently managed. Corps of experienced graduate nurses direct training school. University extension work for our school in Smith College Laboratory.

UNITED Hospital Training School for Nurses, registered by the State Board of Regents, offers a two and one-half years' course to students. Affiliation with Mount Sinai Hospital, New York City. New hospital, well equipped, beautifully located; delightful nurses' residence. Further information upon request to Superintendent of Training School, Port Chester, New York.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

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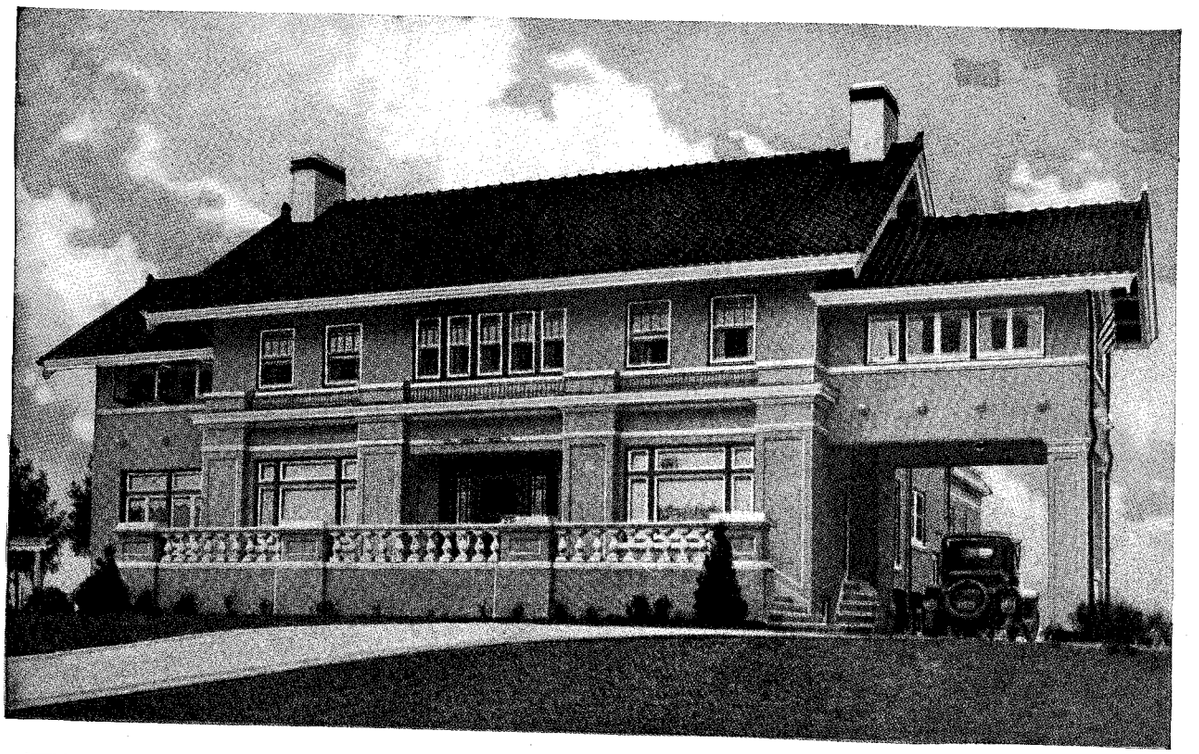
Nemco Products



The permanence and lasting beauty of this dwelling was insured by laying the stucco over metal lath

Stucco will remain firm and last indefinitely without cracking when applied to an enduring base of metal lath.

Home builders are beginning to realize the important part that metal lath plays in producing permanent stucco construction and smooth and lasting plastered walls and ceilings.

It means paying more at the start but the low upkeep expense soon saves the higher first cost.

Kno-Burn Metal Lath will endure as long as the building stands. Its use reduces the cost of repairs, upkeep and heating expense.

Send for our booklet 782. It is full of valuable information for the home builder.

TRADE MARK

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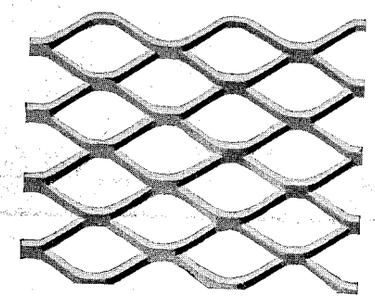
Corrugated Metal Lath

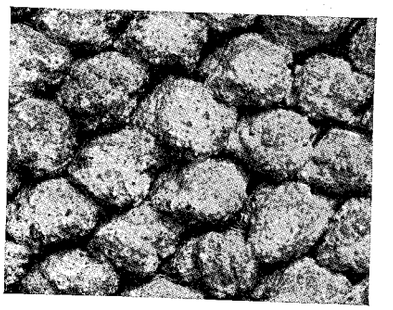
This is Kno-Burn metal lath, a permanent material used in place of wood lath



North Western Expanded Metal Company

978 Old Colony Building
Chicago, Illinois

This is how the plaster flows through the meshes and forms an unbreakable clinch on the reverse side



What's Behind Your Plaster

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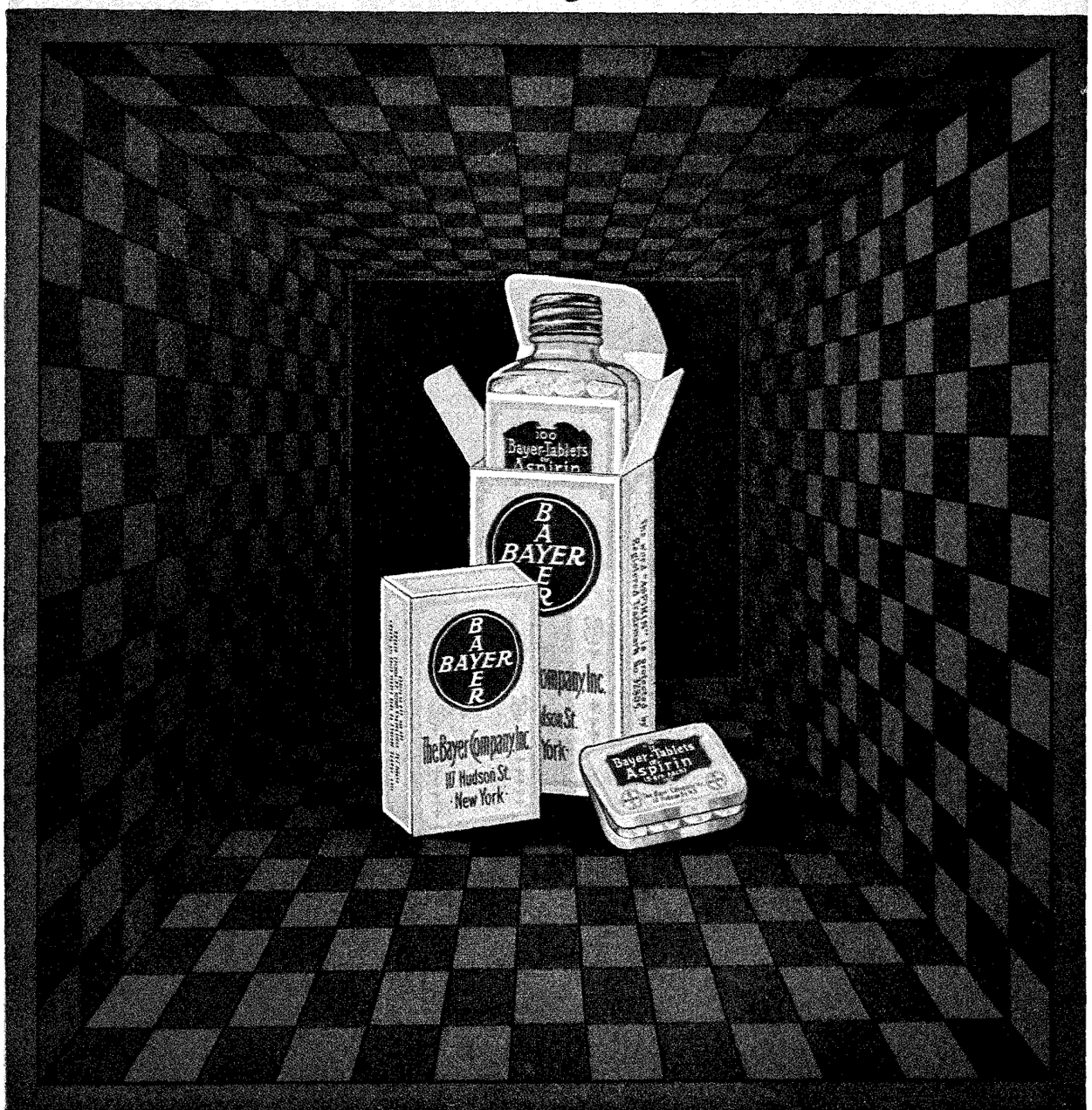
Bayer-Tablets and capsules of Aspirin



Be sure you buy the One Genuine Aspirin — every package and every tablet bears

BAYER-TABLETS—
Pocket Boxes of 12
Bottles of 24 and 100

"The Bayer Cross — BAYER *Your Guarantee of Purity"*

BAYER-CAPSULES—
Sealed Packages of 12
and 24

The trade-mark "Aspirin" (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) is a guarantee that the monoaceticacidester of salicylicacid in these tablets and capsules is of the reliable Bayer manufacture.

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This building was entirely destroyed by fire. Durand Steel Lockers preserved their contents intact.

A DISASTROUS fire can easily get headway in an ordinary wooden locker.

Durand Steel lockers not only afford protection to their contents, but keep fires started from matches, lighted pipes, etc., within the lockers from spreading.

Write today for our new catalogue.

We are also manufacturers of steel shelving, steel bins and general steel factory equipment

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1573 Ft. Dearborn Bk. Bldg. Chicago **973 Vanderbilt Bldg. New York**

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance to develop into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "**No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp.**"

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

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Motor trucks carry the ponderous logs over the 106 miles of concrete roads in Snohomish County at steady speed, 365 days a year, without interruption, more quickly and more dependably than any other means or avenues of transport.

This is but one instance of road preparedness supporting and expediting war preparedness. If concrete road systems were available everywhere, the Nation's vast war production as well as its commerce would be unhampered by shortages of fuel and raw materials. Its full military and industrial power could be mobilized.

Concrete highways are as necessary in peace as in war. They are becoming the very arteries of national life. Systems of them should be built. Delay only adds to the enormous burden which the public bears in maintaining impermanent highways under heavy motor traffic.

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

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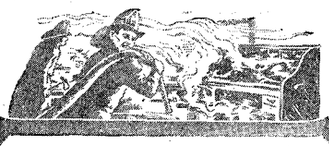

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"We are remodeling our building, and can't use our vault. Every night we are risking books and papers we could not afford to lose."

An Art Metal Light Weight Steel Safe, promptly solved their problem, *stopped* their risk.

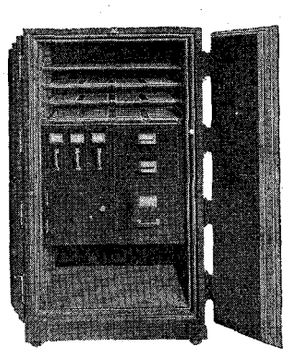
Are you taking a similar risk for want of room in your present safe?

Send for free Safe Book

Illustrates Art Metal Light Weight Steel Safes. Tells about space-saving interiors, Official Fire Tests, Fire Insurance on contents, free Burglary Insurance, etc.

The photograph below illustrates a No. 5 Art Metal Light Weight Safe, equipped with stock Art Metal files.

Art Metal Construction Co., Inc.
48 J. & G. Ave. Jamestown, N. Y.



Art Metal

STEEL OFFICE FURNITURE SAFES & FILES

The Outlook

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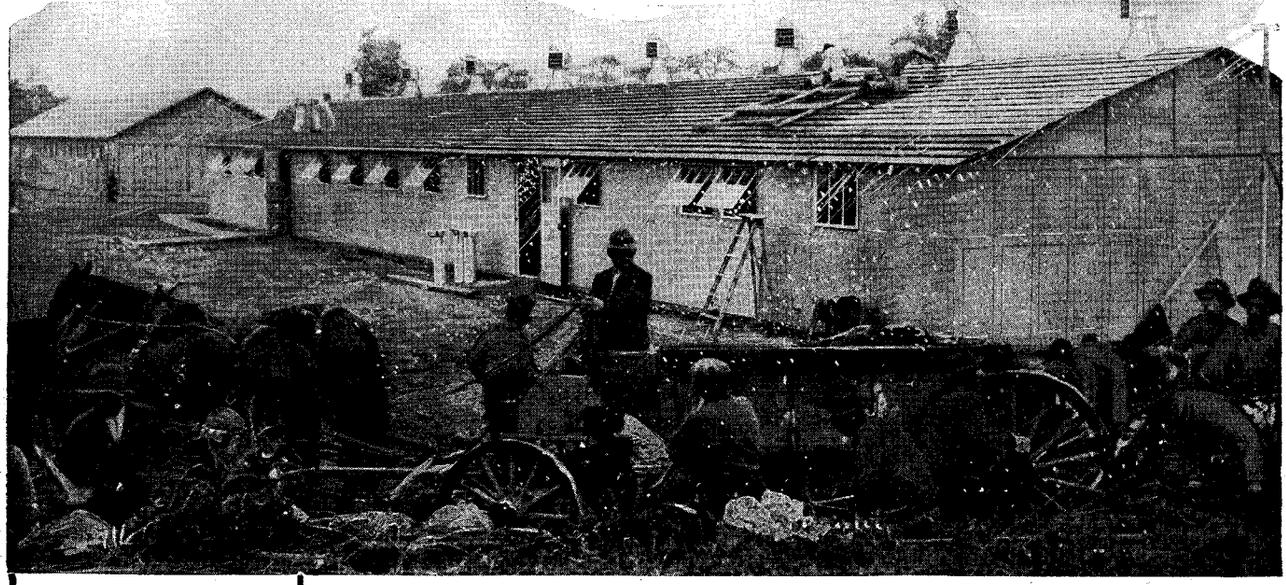

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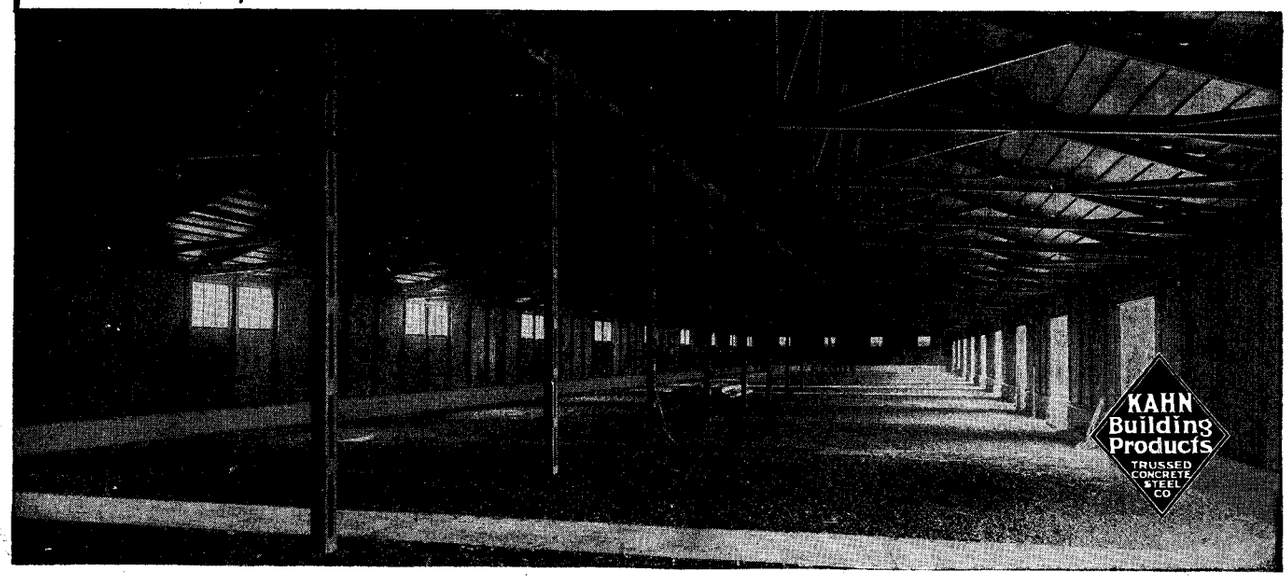

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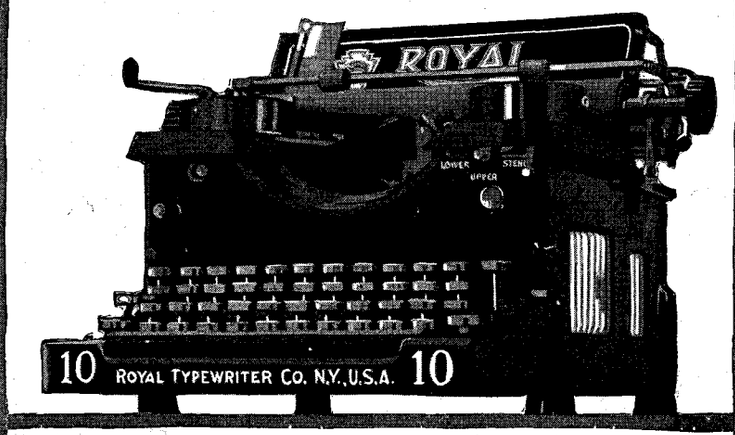

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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 13, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

On account of the war and the consequent delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, this copy of The Outlook may reach the subscriber late. The publishers are doing everything in their power to facilitate deliveries

THE ADMINISTRATION CRITICISED BY ITS FRIENDS

Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, continued the Democratic criticism of the War Department, begun by his Democratic colleague from Oregon, Senator Chamberlain, in a speech on the floor of the Senate last week. He set forth the objects of the speech in the following language:

> My purpose is to present concisely the reason which had led the Committee on Military Affairs to recommend the passage of two bills. One creates the office of Director of Munitions; the other creates a War Cabinet of three persons. In both cases, of course, the President would make the appointments.

Senater Hitchcock asserted that the Military Committee, of which he is a member, by its careful investigations has found that the work of preparing our military forces to take an active and successful part in the European war is not going on smoothly or satisfactorily. He quoted facts, figures, documents, and statistics to corroborate his assertion. The following is a striking illustration of some of the facts he presented:

> We found that we are only now, nine months after entering the war, just beginning work on two great powder plants to cost $60,000,000, although it was evident last summer that we must have a million pounds a day more powder than America can now manufacture. We cannot get powder from these plants before next August.

Senator Hitchcock said that much of the work of the War Department had been found to be creditable and satisfactory, and that the officials of the Department had worked desperately hard. The source of all the trouble is, Senator Hitchcock believes, that our war undertaking is too vast, complicated, and extensive to be handled by one man, even if that man has conferred upon him all the powers which have recently been conferred by Congress upon the President of the United States. Under the stress, said the Senator, "the great transportation system of the United States is a gigantic wreck to-day." The shipping situation is the most serious of all, and the figures which Senator Hitchcock gave in support of his criticism of the shipping confusion are startling. Secretary Baker, in his second appearance before the Military Committee of the Senate, said that the country might expect to have one and one-half million American soldiers landed in France during the year 1918, in addition to the several hundred thousand already at the trench bases under General Pershing's command. But Senator Hitchcock pointed out that to transport such a vast army across the Atlantic and to give it the necessary supplies of food and munitions will require several million tons more shipping than are even in sight at the present time.

It is true that the Shipping Board hopes to construct six million tons of shipping during the year 1918, but it can do this only if it gets the necessary mechanics. Excellent shipping authorities, experts in shipbuilding, say that if we build three million tons of shipping this year we shall be doing extraordinarily well. "Yet," said Secretary Hitchcock, "the Secretary of War, who is compelled to depend upon shipping to get his army and supplies across the ocean, is so out of touch with the Shipping Board and shipping authorities and shipping information that he makes a statement that is absolutely preposterous."

Senator Hitchcock disclaims any desire to hamper or obstruct the Administration in its gigantic task. The legislation which he is supporting is designed, he asserts, to help the President and to liberate him from some of the harassing details which it is impossible for him to give attention to. For "nothing but the genius of perfection and the power of omniscience could enable one man to look after these vast interests."

THE BULGARIAN MINISTER AT WASHINGTON

Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown), a Greek by birth, but an American by choice, residence, and marriage, contributed to The Outlook of January 16 an article in which she called Stephen Panaretoff, the Bulgarian Minister to the United States, "an accredited German agent in Washington," and intimated that his official presence in Washington was a menace to this country in its war against Germany.

We have received some letters of protest in response to this article. The Rev. Arthur S. Hoyt, of the Auburn (New York) Theological Seminary, in a letter which he signs "Yours Indignantly," says:

> Dr. Panaretoff is one of the best products of Robert College [the well-known American college in Constantinople], a special protégé of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, a trusted friend and co-worker of Dr. George Washburn, always treated by them like a very son. For forty years Dr. Panaretoff has been one of the noblest forces of Robert College for the higher life of the peoples of the East. A hundred well-known men in America, graduates of Robert College, former tutors and professors, will stand by him. He is as liberty-loving as Theodore Roosevelt. I would as soon charge Dr. Lyman Abbott with being a secret agent of the Kaiser as Dr. Panaretoff.

Another gentleman, a well-known citizen of Boston, who has had as intimate relations with Robert College as perhaps any other living American, also protests to us in a letter in which he says:

> I have known Stephen Panaretoff for more than forty years. Much of that time he was almost the same as one of our family. He was one of the early graduates of Robert College, and as tutor and then professor has been there ever since until he was called to be the Minister of Bulgaria to the United States. His ideals and sympathies are all American, and his wife is an American lady from Andover.

This testimony as to Minister Panaretoff's personal honor and loyalty, taken with other evidence of the same sort, comes with such authority that we accept it without question. But the very fact that he is a loyal and honorable man makes it all the more his moral duty to be a loyal pro-German. For his country, of which he is the official representative in America, is an ally of Germany. If he is not pro-German, he has no right to hold the office of Bulgarian Minister. If he is pro-German, he should not hold an official position in Washington, the very source of all the energy and plans of the United States in its prosecution of the war against Germany. Is it not an illustration of the curious muddled state of feeling in this country about the war that his intimate friends fail to see that the very essence of loyalty and honor prevents him from being pro-American and pro-Bulgarian at the same time? We do not for a moment assert that he will pursue the ignominious methods of a von Papen or a Bernstorff, but we do assert that it is his duty to transmit to his country, Bulgaria, any information about war activities in the United States which comes to his hands, and that it is, in turn, the duty of Bulgaria to transmit such information to Germany. If Minister Panaretoff does not do this, he is a disloyal Bulgarian Minister; if he does do it, he is a menace to the United States in its prosecution of the war.

It may be debated whether it is wise and expedient for the

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United States Government to declare war upon Bulgaria as it has declared war upon Austria, but, in our judgment, it is not debatable that the consistent and wise course for the United States Government to pursue would be to break off diplomatic relations with Bulgaria as long as Bulgaria remains an ally of our arch-enemy, Germany.

THE UNREST IN GERMANY

Simultaneously with the reports that strong repressive measures adopted by the German Government had put an end to the extensive strikes at many places came a new report of a labor outbreak at Jena, where a third of the workmen have gone out on strike. This new strike is a protest against the recent conviction of Dittmann, a Socialist who had led a former strike.

The German papers, evidently under orders from the Government, have done their best to minimize the recent industrial disturbances. But their very efforts in this direction have served to emphasize the seriousness of the revolt. When the Government finds it necessary to court-martial industrial workers in a building closed to the public and guarded by bayonets, its alarm is great. It may very likely be that bayonets and machine guns may keep the mob of Berlin and other cities in subjection for the time being, but this will not destroy industrial demands and deep dissatisfaction. The Socialist paper "Vorwärts" is right when it says that this movement comes from the workers' fear that they have been misled, and adds:

> They want food and peace and Germany free outwardly and inwardly. Any attempt to hold them by force is dangerous. All thoughts of an attempt to force on the people aims which prolong the war, aims for which they never fought, or to keep from the people their promised rights, can only work as disintegrating factors. That to-day is our greatest danger.

This is a plain recognition that the recent riots were not solely or chiefly for food. They were largely political in the sense of being a great public protest against the influence of the so-called Fatherland party, which means to yield nothing for peace, not even Belgium. The influence of the Russian radicalism may be plainly seen in these revolts.

In an editorial on another page entitled "Restless Germany" the meaning of the disturbances in Germany is discussed.

SHALL GERMANY HAVE A MITTEL-AFRIKA?

The world has awakened rather slowly to the German designs for domination over "Mittel-Europa." But few know that she plots what we may truly call a "Mittel-Afrika"—a solid belt of territory across the Dark Continent.

When peace terms are discussed, there is a tendency to speak of Germany's African colonies, now in our Allies' hands, as a mere diplomatic make-weight, to be kept or restored according as other concessions are made or refused on either side. Any one who doubts whether Africa enters largely into Germany's plan of world domination would do well to read a convincing article by Dr. William S. Rainsford in the New York "Tribune" for January 22 last. Dr. Rainsford knows Africa as few Americans do. Long residence there, extensive travel and exploration, knowledge of traders, officials, and missionaries, have all helped to make him familiar with its racial and political aspects. He finds that one end only has directed Germany's African policy—the future domination of the continent. And he supports this belief with strong evidence. Always he finds that she has beaten down natives, worried her territorial neighbors, and shown deliberate purpose "to do in Africa what Englishman, Boer, Frenchman, Belgian, Portuguese have so far not only refrained from doing, but have pledged themselves for Afrika's advantage never to do, and that is this: *Germany has proved her intention of building up in Central Africa a military state.*"

How would she build up her Mittel-Afrika? Dr. Rainsford replies to this question as follows:

> Germany's plan for Africa is an exact counterpart of her plan for middle Europe. She aims to establish a solid belt of territory between the Indian Ocean and the Southern Atlantic. By doing so she would cut the continent in two. She would again divide her enemies and rivals, she would keep them divided. She would cut off all Southern Africa, all Boer land, both the Rhodesias and the Cape from British East Africa, and Uganda—*i.e.*, from the immense fertile region extending from the northern boundary of German East Africa to the southern slope of the Abyssinian Mountains.

The danger from Germany in Africa is neither local nor a fantasy. It is real, serious, and of one texture and nature with all Germany's effort toward world domination. Here as elsewhere, we, the Allies, must not dicker with a defiant Germany but dictate to a defeated Germany.

A YEAR OF RUTHLESS SUBMARINE WARFARE

February 1, 1917, was the date fixed by Germany for the beginning of its indiscriminate attacks on merchant vessels, enemy and neutral alike. It marked off vast zones of the world's ocean, and threatened death to all who would not comply with its humiliating and lawless conditions.

The most noticeable result, as a German Socialist has said, was to bring the United States into the war. It is certain that Germany took this risk deliberately, believing that her submarines would end the war within a few months. This was the boast of many German writers, and German officials predicted a loss to her enemies of a million tons a month. But instead of 12,000,000 tons of shipping in the year just ended, the actual loss of all nations is put by careful estimates at little over half this amount. The total number of ships sunk is about 2,000; the British list includes 1,190. The British reports do not, for sound naval reasons, give the exact tonnage of the ships sunk, but classify them as above or below 1,600 tons. From this a fair average estimate can be made. Norway has been the next largest sufferer, with a loss of about 300 ships. The United States has lost 69.

Two or three conclusions are evident: First, the dreaded increase in the number of active submarines has not appeared. This is believed to be largely because of the difficulty in making the right kind of marine engines fast enough. Second, there has been no steady rise in the number of vessels sunk; the record for the last six months is smaller than that for the first six months; thus, the average for the four weeks of January was thirteen, as compared with an average of twenty-three a week for the three preceding months. Third, the ship-building of the Allies has so nearly kept up with the destruction that the danger of defeat by submarine in 1918 is surely averted.

In short, Germany has failed of her purpose. The submarine has done great mischief and will do more, but it will not win the war for Germany. The murder of non-combatants has left an indelible brand of shame on Germany as a nation. Her people may well begin to ask if the gains are worth what they cost in loss of honor.

FROM THE WAR FRONTS

The most interesting news from the war fronts, so far as Americans are concerned, is a report from the American army in France. It seems that on February 3 an artillery battle of considerable extent took place between the German and American gunners on that portion of the line which, as Secretary Baker has just officially announced, is held by American forces as a unit. This engagement, while not of enormous importance in itself, was the first in which our artillery, acting on its own initiative, has engaged. It is therefore a matter of pride to all of us at home to read that the American commanders are elated by the skill and promptness with which our guns and gunners met the attack. When the Germans, after the usual preliminary bombardment, sent up a red rocket calling for their guns to place a barrage to cover a German advance, the American artillery answered the enemy's signal quicker than its own guns could by placing its own barrage or curtain of fire in front of the enemy's lines, and thereby stopping the threatened attack. In every way our artillery did good work and proved its thorough training.

The Italian armies in the week ending February 6, despite the hard winter conditions, drove an offensive forward against the Austrian lines on the Brenta River front, gained new advance positions on Monte Rosso and Monte Val Bella, and

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showed decisively that the Italian army is now rehabilitated. In this offensive the Italians took 2,600 men, 100 officers, 100 machine guns, and thousands of rifles.

Another air raid has been made on Venice and other towns on the Venetian plain where, as the despatches say, "the peace population is densest and the military objective of the least importance." No serious damage was done.

The Bolshevik troops are reported to have had some successes against the Ukrainians—Ukrainia now claims to be an independent nation, and the Bolsheviki fear it because of its proximity to Rumania, and because a separate peace between Ukrainia and Germany would embarrass the Petrograd plans. The rumored capture of the city of Kiev by the Red Guard is a feat of some importance; Kiev lies on the Dnieper River, has a population of 250,000, was the first Russian capital, and from its antiquity has been called the "Mother of Russian Cities."

VICTORY BREAD

Our allies need wheat. There has been reduced production in Europe, both because of the larger diversion of man-power to the war and because of the partial failure of harvests. As if this were not enough, there has been an elimination of the more distant supply markets because of the destruction of shipping.

Our allies overseas need at least thirty per cent of the wheat we use at home. In order that we may reduce our consumption by that percentage, wholesalers, jobbers, and retailers have been warned by Presidential proclamation to buy and resell to their customers only seventy per cent of the amount of wheat used in 1917, and customers have been warned to reduce their purchases of wheat products to seventy per cent of what they were last year.

To emphasize all this President Wilson has also enjoined the observance of Mondays and Wednesdays as wheatless days and of one meal every day as a wheatless meal. In order to provide sufficient cereal food to replace the missing thirty per cent of wheat, there should be, he adds, the substitution of corn, barley, oats, rice, and other products. Bakers are authorized to apply the name "Victory Bread" to all bread they bake which contains twenty per cent or more of wheat flour substitutes and to sell such bread for consumption on "wheatless days."

The President also directs, by special proclamation, all manufacturers of bread and other bakery products to procure Government licenses. This proclamation covers hotels, restaurants, other public eating-places, and clubs which serve bread or other bakery products of their own baking. The sole exceptions are those concerns or individuals already licensed under the original provisions of the Lever Act and those whose consumption of any flour and meal in the manufacture of such products aggregates less than three barrels a month. These licenses, we expect, will check any extortion in the sale of bread.

23,475,000 RED CROSS MEMBERS

The latest returns from the American Red Cross Drive of last Christmas indicate a stupendous total Red Cross membership. The figures given in the "Red Cross Bulletin" are 23,475,000. They seem almost incredible. Taking the country's population as now 106,693,000, this means about twenty-two per cent.

Reports from the territorial, insular, and foreign possessions of the United States have not been included in this tabulation. The unprecedentedly unfavorable weather conditions which prevailed throughout the drive have continued, and even at this late date returns from all the outlying chapters have not yet been received.

Meanwhile the Red Cross work continually increases not only in extent but also in picturesque features. For instance, it is contributing the necessary articles to supply kitchens and material for serving the population of the Italian village of Spreziano. This village is on the Piave River, and is, of course, in the midst of the danger zone. The inhabitants of Spreziano are mainly engaged in the manufacture of wooden cases for oil and gasoline, a war industry. Why not save them and their industry to the country by transferring them elsewhere? Accordingly the Italian Government decided to move the village population intact to another location. It chose a suburb of Leghorn, quite across Italy, and will transport thither all the Spreziano workmen, with their families, machines, and tools. It is a satisfaction to feel that our Red Cross is to be represented in the undertaking.

In France, aside from what the American Red Cross is doing for American soldiers there, it is giving—or selling where it can—meals at its canteens to about a million French soldiers every month. Major Murphy, who has been directing our Red Cross work in France, says that in the old days the French soldier on leave would come to the junction points where he changed to take his train for home and sometimes would have to stay there twenty-four hours. The buildings, equipped to handle fifty or seventy-five people, would be at times bombarded by four or five thousand. Nor was that the worst. These men direct from the trenches, Major Murphy tells us, were infested with trench vermin, and were cold and wet; after sleeping in the open they got little food and that at an exorbitant price; the result of all was that they arrived home discouraged and possibly diseased. On their return they were bluer and still more discouraged.

In co-operation with the French Government, which has borne most of the expense, the American Red Cross has opened a series of canteens where these men are given comfortable quarters where they can eat well, and sit about and sleep well too. The barracks are equipped with shower baths, and while the men are bathing their clothes are put through a process and the vermin killed. Moreover, amusement is provided. "When these fellows arrived at our canteens at first," says Major Murphy, "they were so delighted with them that they actually would not go to bed in those bunks at all. They sat around and talked and sang all night, they were so happy." They go back to their homes, we are not surprised to learn, in a different state of mind from that in which they left the trenches.

THE DEATH OF A NOTABLE AMERICAN

In the death of John L. Sullivan, one of the most famous and victorious boxers and prize-fighters that ever lived, this country loses a notable figure. That he was an acquaintance and often a respected friend of many eminent men outside of strictly "sporting circles" is good evidence that he had excellent personal qualities not often associated in the minds of the gentler sort with the rough and often brutal profession of prize-fighting. One of these qualities was honesty. John L. Sullivan was never known to "throw" a fight—that is, to fail to do his best in a contest in order to make money or enable his backers to make money by the odds in the betting. One of his old sporting acquaintances, so the New York "Globe" informs us, tells this story of him:

> Jem Mace, the old English heavyweight, came to me one day, when he (Mace) was on the down grade, and suggested that I arrange a match between him and Sullivan. But Mace made one suggestion, which was that Sullivan should let him stay the four rounds, saying that he could not afford to be put out, even by Sullivan. I put the proposition up to Sullivan, who replied: "If Mace can whip me, let him do it. If I can whip him, so much the better. I will try to knock his block off from the moment I enter the ring until I leave it. I wouldn't meet him on the conditions he names for the Bank of England."

About twelve years ago, at the age of forty-seven, Sullivan's unrivaled physique became almost hopelessly broken down from drink. He tried moderation, but that did no good, and finally, as the result of a tragic experience, he became a total abstainer. For the last twelve years he has been a public and constant opponent of liquor and the liquor interests.

Two years ago, when he was starting out to deliver a series of temperance lectures, in an interview with a representative of The Outlook he said for publication in these pages: "If I had not quit drinking when I did and gone to farming with my good wife, there would be somewhere in a Boston suburb a modest tombstone with the inscription on it, 'Sacred to the memory of John L. Sullivan.' That is why I am quitting the farm and 'coming back' to have a go with a bigger champion than I ever was—the champion of champions—John Barleycorn. There is only one way to get the best of John Barleycorn, and that is to run away from him! There are men who say about liquor that they can take it or leave it, but those are the ones who always take it. And in the end it gets them."

John was a great fighter. During the ten years that he held

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the championship of the world he defeated more than two hundred of the picked men of the earth. Until after dissipation had impaired his strength and he was beaten by a younger man, he was never so much as knocked down in the ring. But he never made a finer fight than in his extraordinarily victorious encounter with the rum appetite. And his well-deserved prize was a regained manhood, a renewed good citizenship, and the respect and regard of all who knew him, high and low.

FIREMEN HELPING OUR SOLDIERS

In our picture section this week will be found a photograph of a group of New York City firemen at work making comforts for our soldiers at the front. Some are knitting woolen helmets, one is cutting out paper vests, and another is busily at work at a sewing-machine. The idea of getting these firemen to devote a part of their "off time" to this useful work originated, we are informed, with the Rainbow Division Welfare Association, of 47 East 58th Street, New York City. This Association devotes itself especially to work for the men of that Division, who are, however, representative of many States—twenty-six in all—North, South, East, and West. The Society's officers give their services to this work without recompense. The Chairman is Mrs. Charles G. Stirling; the Treasurer, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, Jr., Vice-President of the Harriman National Bank, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York.

This Association has secured the permission of the Government to forward its boxes direct to the Rainbow Division in France. The work in no way conflicts with that of the Red Cross, but is supplementary thereto. A great many soldiers, it is said, still lack the warm knitted helmets and other comforts which this Welfare Association undertakes to supply. One reason for this is that articles of clothing wear out much faster in the trenches than in America. All kinds of personal wear get the hardest kind of service in war time, and it is scarcely possible to send our men an oversupply of garments such as helmets, socks, wristlets, etc. The helmets are specially needed for the drivers of ammunition and supply trains, who drive in open trucks without any wind-shield.

"How long does it take a man to learn to knit?" one of these busy firemen was asked. "About two minutes," was the prompt reply. The man's fingers were deftly plying the needles as he talked. "I used to look at the girls in the subway with wonder," he said, "to see how fast they made their needles go. But it's easy enough if you once get right down to it. See here—I even know the names—purl two, knit two, and so on. We fellows are mighty glad to help the boys at the front in this way. Wish we could do more—it's only odd moments we can give to it, you know."

The Rainbow Division Welfare Association announces that it will gratefully receive any gifts of wool or money for wool that may be sent to keep the firemen employed in this kindly work for their brothers in France.

A FRENCH GOVERNMENT LOAN ART EXHIBITION

The host of Americans who have for nearly four years been debarred from the possibility of travel in Europe on account of the war will welcome an opportunity to see a representative collection of French paintings. The West has already seen these pictures at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The French Government now gives Eastern picture lovers an opportunity of seeing the collection. It is to be on exhibition at the Brooklyn (New York) Museum until the middle of March. The collection includes both a retrospective group of pictures—dating from 1870 to 1910—and an exhibition of contemporary works—dating between 1910 and 1915. The first group was selected from the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. These include pictures by Bastien-Lepage, Besnard (one by this artist is reproduced in our picture section this week), Breton, Cabanel, Degas, Detailles, Harpignies, Henner, Legros, L'Hermitte, Monet, Neuville, Puvis de Chavannes, and others. Five statues by Rodin (we give a picture of one of them in this issue) are also to be seen.

The collection of later French art comprises nearly two hundred pictures, which give an impression of freshness and of varied and unconventional interest. Many of these pictures, it is stated, were taken from the studios of artists fighting at the front. Historic furniture, porcelains, and tapestries are also included, four magnificent Gobelin tapestries dating from the time of Louis XIV being the most prominent objects in the last-named group. Admission to the exhibition is free (except on Mondays and Tuesdays), but the privilege of seeing it is well worth the cost of an extended trip by any one who admires and wishes to study good modern pictures.

The portrait by Besnard, referred to above and reproduced on another page, is that of a painter by a painter. The subject of the picture is Alphonse Legros, the French painter, etcher, and sculptor, who died in 1911. In Paris he was the intimate friend of Degas, Bracquemond, and Whistler. When the last named in 1863 settled in England, he persuaded Legros to do so too. Legros became Professor of Etching at the South Kensington Museum, and later succeeded Poynter as Professor of Fine Arts at University College, London. He married an Englishwoman and became a citizen of London. By his teaching as well as by his painting he strongly influenced English art. Examples of his work may be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, at the Tate Gallery in London, and at the Luxembourg in Paris. All of his work shows the union of intellect and feeling. This is particularly true of his portraits. Perhaps the finest of them is that of the late George Frederick Watts.

The painter of the Legros portrait is Albert Besnard. He is nearly seventy years old, and also lived for a time in London. The portrait of Legros is a good example of Besnard's powers in dealing with the problems of light, and of the peculiar atmosphere in which he likes to envelop his easel pictures. That Besnard is also a psychologist is evident from this picture. He is better known, however, through his works of pure decoration, some of which are fairly exotic in color, reflecting impressions gained from a long sojourn in India.

MEDALS TO OUR MEN

The Senate has passed and the House has favorably reported a bill amending the existing law so as to authorize "the President to present, in the name of the Congress, a Medal of Honor only to each person who, while an officer or enlisted man of the Army, shall hereafter in action involving actual conflict with an enemy distinguish himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty."

The bill provides also for another medal—a Distinguished Service Medal for "exceptionally meritorious service to the Government in a duty of great responsibility or by extraordinary heroism in the line of his [the candidate's] profession." This medal is to be awarded, not by Congress, but by the Commander-in-Chief, the President, on the proper commanding officer's recommendations. For a second act of distinction the President may award a suitable bar in lieu of another medal, and each bar shall entitle the owner to additional pay of $2 a month. Through a retroactive clause, some old soldiers whose names were long since sent in for the Medal of Honor but who did not receive it may yet be cheered by obtaining the new medal. We are glad to learn from Mr. Dent, Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, that this bill, as well as the bill giving our soldiers the right to accept foreign decorations, will probably pass the House.

The military man knows a great deal more about what the various rewards for service and bravery should be than do those who sit in editorial chairs. We are certain, however, that we should urge the passage of a law providing for such simple decorations as military commanders at the front may bestow promptly for bravery under fire. The highest, open to any one from private to generalissimo, should be given only by the President, who is the Commander-in-Chief. Others should be given by officers in the field. There is moral value in the sight of a man called out from the ranks to be decorated directly after his deed of gallantry.

Congress should consider the creation of an Honor Commission to be appointed by the President, the Commission to do everything necessary to provide honors and other insignia and to establish regulations for their awarding. Such a Commission would seem to be much more competent than Congress to provide details of plans for such awards. This, however, is not the

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

STRAINING AT HIS SHACKLES

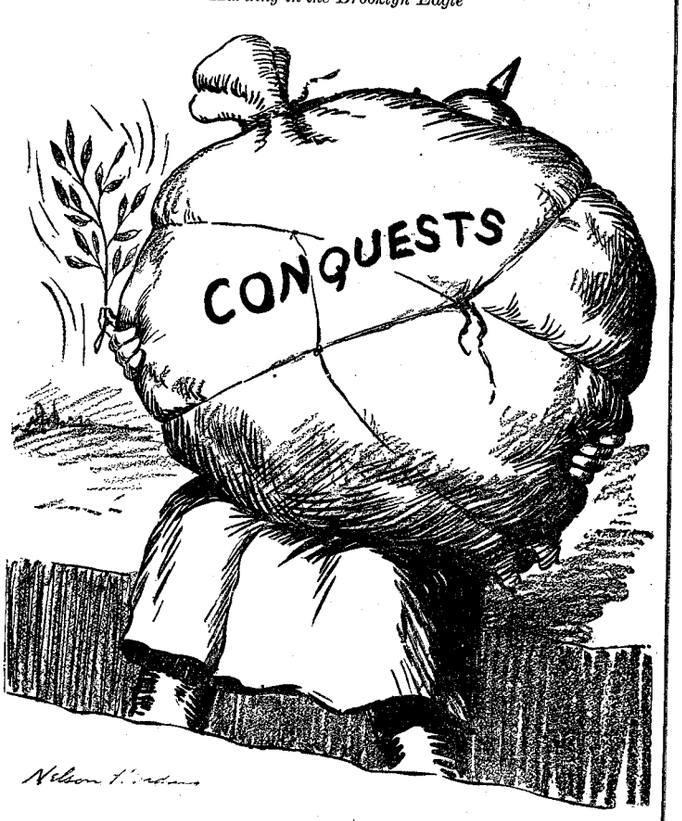
Rogers in the New York Herald

LOOMING UP!

Thomas in the Detroit News

THE BOY IS GETTING TIRED

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



TRYING TO WAVE THE BRANCH AND HOLD THE BUNDLE

THE KAISER'S JOB IS GETTING TO BE A HARD ONE AS SEEN BY VARIOUS CARTOONISTS

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opinion of the majority members of the House Committee on Military Affairs.

RESTLESS GERMANY

SOMETIMES in a theater between the acts the spectator sees beneath the curtain the slippered or buskined feet of the actors passing to and fro and hears the noise of the carpenters and scene-shifters. He then knows that the management is preparing for a change of scene, and if he has observed the previous act and is familiar with other dramas he can surmise what the next scene is to be.

To-day, behind the curtain which the German censor cannot keep perfectly closed or sound-proof, there is going on we hardly know what; but we know that when the curtain rises we shall see a different Germany from that of 1914 on which the curtain fell.

Does America's great war drama throw any light on the question, What is taking place behind the curtain? Every true American resents, and ought to resent, a comparison that would seem to put on the same moral plane any American leaders, Federal or Confederate, North or South, with the cruel and rapacious German militarists that have let loose rape, murder, and torture as allies of their armies in Serbia, Belgium, Poland, and northern France. Nevertheless that should not prevent us from learning the lessons of history or seeing certain historic analogies that are entirely consistent with deep moral contrasts.

In 1860 a small but influential coterie of Southern politicians conceived the ideal of a new nation founded on slavery, extending from the Ohio River to the Isthmus of Panama and including Cuba. The great majority of the Southern people had no such design and scarcely knew of its existence. But the vituperation of the South by the Garrisonian abolitionists they resented; the futile and foolish raid of John Brown had alarmed them; half a century of political education had familiarized them with the conception of State sovereignty; and when seventy-five thousand soldiers answered the call of Abraham Lincoln to enforce the laws of the Federal Government in the Southern States the Southern people rose with practical unanimity to protect the sovereignty of those States. The result of their victory would have been the perpetuation of slavery, but the perpetuation of slavery was not their object. Their greatest leader, Robert E. Lee, had emancipated his slaves before the war began. The expectation of an easy victory over a divided North was not fulfilled; the carefully cultivated fears of a slave insurrection were allayed by the loyalty of the slaves to their masters; the illusion that the Negroes preferred the comforts of slavery to the responsibilities of freedom was destroyed by their eager welcome of liberty when it came; the proposal by Mr. Lincoln of compensating emancipation mitigated the animosity of the plain people to him and the cause he represented; and, finally, the dream of a slave empire vanished with a proposal to arm the slaves to fight for their masters, since no one could imagine that slaves would fight to insure their own enslavement. Thus with the end of slavery came the end of the war.

Is there any analogy between these conditions and those which now exist in Germany? We think there is some analogy, though the conditions are in very fundamental respects widely different.

In a notable essay written before, but published just after, August, 1914, Professor Kuno Francke, of Harvard University, himself a German, described with great clearness the difference in the temperaments of the German and the American. The American desires self-possession; the German, self-expression. The American is willing to accept the responsibilities and inconveniences of self-government for the sake of liberty; the German is willing to forego liberty for the sake of escaping its responsibilities and inconveniences. The American resents interference by a superior authority; the German welcomes such interference because it leaves him free to follow his own impulses. The American wishes to steer and to paddle his own canoe; the German wishes to be one of the crew to row and go as the helmsman chooses. The American wishes to govern himself, even if he does it badly; the German wishes to be governed.

And in the main the German has been well governed. The Hohenzollerns made no such mess of government in the nineteenth century as the Bourbons of France did in the eighteenth century. The German cities have been clean, the German roads well built, their forests well cared for, their fields well cultivated, their taxes regularly collected and fairly well expended—heavier on the poor than on the rich, but the poor are used to that. There have been poor, but they have been taken care of by their paternal Government, and there has been very little pauperism. What more could the people wish?

Liberty?

Yes. But the Germans do not care for liberty. America has had its Washington and its Lincoln, England its Cromwell and its Hampden, France its Lafayette and its Gambetta, Hungary its Kossuth, and Russia its hundreds of Siberian exiles who have laid down their lives in the sacred cause of freedom. But it would not be easy to name a single German patriot who has suffered any more serious inconvenience than exile to America that he might win for his country or for himself that right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for which every true American would willingly give all that he has—yes, and life itself if need be.

The plain people of Germany—the peasant farmers, small shopkeepers, stevedores on the dock, artisans in the factory—knew nothing and cared nothing for the dream of world domination. They were well housed, fed, and clad, as their fathers had been. This was enough. When they were told that the enemies of Germany had formed a conspiracy to destroy her, they believed it; when they were bid arm for the defense of their Fatherland, they obeyed. Obedience to constituted authority is the German's patriotism and the German's religion. Their first disappointment did not weaken the loyalty of the plain people of Germany. When the wounded came from inconclusive battlefields, when the war dragged on into the second year, when their own rations began to be shortened and mourning for sons was in every home and crape on every door, they attributed their sorrow to England's hate and repaid it with hate more bitter. This much is made clear to the spectator by such observers as Miss Doty, Mr. Curtis, and Mrs. Bullitt.

Now the curtain has been lowered. What goes on behind it we cannot *know*, we can only surmise. But there are signs of a growing discontent in Germany with the German rulers. The material prosperity which the Government gave the people it gives to them no longer. The secrets which the Government kept it can keep no longer. The people are beginning to learn that their army is farther from Paris than it was three years ago; that the Zeppelin raids have accomplished no victories and achieved but slight revenge; that the undersea boats have not starved England; that Russia has thrown off her Czar and become a Republic; that the United States has entered the war; that the French, English, and American leaders have declared that the Allies have no hatred for Germany and no wish to destroy her; that their only wish is to preserve for the rest of the world those principles of democracy which German Socialists have put in their political platforms, but have never shown a willingness to fight for or to suffer for.

There are indications that the fraternizing of the Russian and German troops has done more to weaken the loyalty of the Germans to the autocracy than to weaken the loyalty of the Russians to international democracy, and that the anarchy which the Bolsheviki have fomented is proving a greater peril to Kaiserdom than the autocracy which they have helped to overthrow. The peace programme of the German Democrats and the Russian Bolsheviki—peace without annexations or indemnities—cannot be and ought not to be accepted. The Allies can never return the African colonies to the control of a nation which has shown itself unfit to govern any people, even its own; and the wrongs to Belgium cannot be forgiven until the criminal has made some endeavor toward reparation. But the clamor for peace which grows louder every month is very different from the clamor for domination which sounded from the same stage, though not from the same throats, three years ago.

What is going on behind that curtain? We do not know.

There is no reason to hope for a revolution in Germany like that which has transformed Russia. The Russian people were prepared by half a century of agitation for revolution; the German people are unprepared. The German Government is

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prepared to meet revolution; the Russian Government was unprepared. But there is reason to hope that a decisive defeat of the German army in the field would destroy the weakened faith of the German people in the "predatory Potsdam gang" and make of them allies of democracy.

Make haste, America! For on our speed may depend the result of the spring campaign, and on that campaign may depend what goes on behind the curtain. If in that campaign a decisive victory is won over the German military forces in the field, followed by a collapse of the German military power at home, we may see, when the curtain rises again, a new Germany, sobered by calamity and purged of its self-conceit, its ambition for a world empire shattered, its policy of militarism discredited, its philosophy of the supremacy of force overthrown, and its Odin, god of lawless might, dethroned.

A STAR, A SYMPHONY, AND PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

In one of G. K. Chesterton's detective stories a man is stationed to watch the entrance to a building. He knows that the criminal must pass through that doorway. He reports that he has seen no one go in or out, and he actually believes that he has reported truly. What happened, however, was that he saw a postman go in and come out; but he never thought of the postman as an individual. He simply ignored the postman because he took him, so to speak, for granted. Of course postmen go in and out of buildings, and nobody pays any attention to them. In this case it was the postman, or the man he took to be a postman, who was in fact the criminal that he was supposed to watch for.

There is one kind of music that is very much like the postman. People take it for granted. They hear it, but they do not listen to it. They would notice its absence, but they do not notice its presence. They may regard it as indispensable, but they would hardly recognize it if they heard it a score of times. They enjoy it, and never realize that that is what they have enjoyed. If it were suddenly stopped in the middle, they might very possibly demand their money back at the box office; and yet because it is not stopped they can tell you nothing about it.

Very possibly more people have heard the music of Edgar Stillman Kelley than have heard the music of any other American-born orchestral composer. Yet it is doubtful whether more than a small fraction of those who have heard his music have really listened to it. That is not because it is not good music. It is good music—very good indeed. That is not because they cannot enjoy his music. On the contrary, the overwhelming majority of those who have heard it have unquestionably enjoyed it. It was good music, and they enjoyed it, but they did not listen to it because while they were hearing it they were very much absorbed in something else. They were looking for the criminal, and so did not notice the postman. The music was not in the center of their attention; it was in what psychologists call the fringe of their consciousness. The majority who have heard Edgar Stillman Kelley's music have heard it while attending the performances of one of the most popular theatrical spectacles ever staged—the dramatization of Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur." It was Edgar Stillman Kelley who wrote the "incidental music" to that spectacular drama. It was music extraordinarily well adapted to its purpose. It fitted in so well with the drama that most people who attended the performances simply found their interest in the spectacle heightened by the music, their thrills from the drama intensified by the music, and never once gave a thought to the music itself.

Such is the fate of really good incidental music.

Of the many thousands who heard this music to "Ben Hur," by far the greatest number could not tell you whether there was any music played when the star shone that the Wise Men saw; but there can be no manner of doubt that in their imagination that star was shining more gloriously because the music that went with the star shone too. There is a musical theme or *motif* that accompanies the star; and the music radiates. The few who listen to the music will perhaps remember that theme as well as anything in the whole play. They cannot, of course, forget the chariot race, which real horses ran on a sort of treadmill, much to the excitement of every spectator that was not too sophisticated; but there are some who whenever they are reminded of "Ben Hur" will think of that star theme first. It consisted of a series of blossoming chords, chords that expanded, chords that grew in circles like the waves from a pebble thrown into the water, chords that descended as they expanded like radiating starlight.

One reason why only a few hearers remember this theme is that most people when they recall music recall a tune, and there was no tune to this. It was not a melody in the popular sense of the term; it was a harmonic theme or *motif;* and there are a multitude of people who while enjoying harmonies do not know why they enjoy them and cannot carry them in their minds. So the star music in "Ben Hur" served its purpose at the time, but was forgotten except by the few.

Now this star *motif* is characteristic of Mr. Stillman Kelley's genius, because that genius is distinctively harmonic. His musical ideas naturally take not melodic but harmonic form. His inventiveness is primarily a harmonic inventiveness. And when he discovers a harmonic sequence that he relishes, he likes to foster it, to see it grow and develop, to watch it repeat itself into a pattern, to send it on a journey of exploration among the various keys, and find its way through a series of modulations. It would seem from the internal evidence of his compositions that his musical ideas first occur as chord relations, and that it is out of those chord relations that his melodies grow; that whatever of tunefulness there is in his work is the by-product of his creation of beautiful or striking harmonies.

Among those to whom music is as food and drink there is no inconsiderable proportion to whom the works of a musical composer of this type especially appeal. To such as these, harmonies speak the language of the deepest and profoundest emotions. They acknowledge the melodic loveliness of Gounod's "Ave Maria," or "Meditation," that soaring and ever popular religious song, that hackneyed musical beauty; but they deny to that melody the strength, the power, the profundity which they feel in the Bach Prelude which Gounod degraded into a mere accompaniment to his tune. They acknowledge Wagner's melodic gift; but they know that Wagner's hypnotic power lies in his employment of harmony. They know why Arnold Schoenberg merely excites curiosity, while Claude Debussy enthralls; it is not merely because Schoenberg is a modern German and Debussy a modern Frenchman, but because Schoenberg discards harmony, defies it, flouts it, wants none of it to interfere with the effect of melodic weaving, while Debussy has explored new harmonic regions and brought to them new harmonic wealth. They therefore feel grateful to any composer who comes to them with harmonic ideas of distinctive and original richness.

This is what Edgar Stillman Kelley does. His harmonic ideas are his own. His nearest musical kinsman, on the harmonic side, one might perhaps guess to be his English contemporary, Sir Edward Elgar; but the family resemblance, though sometimes striking, is not very deep. To attempt to analyze the style that makes the man is not always very profitable; and besides it starts a technical discussion (for example, in the case of Stillman Kelley, on the use of the virile chord of the sixth) which is not very interesting except to the professional. It is enough to say that to any one responsive to harmonic appeals, there can hardly be any question that Edgar Stillman Kelley's harmonic personality is quite his own.

These remarks, it might have been well perhaps to state at the beginning, are occasioned by two events—the performance in New York on February 1 of Edgar Stillman Kelley's "New England Symphony," and the very recent publication of his new work, "The Pilgrim's Progress: A Musical Miracle Play," Opus 37.

Mr. Kelley's "New England Symphony," his second, has been performed a score of times. It remained, however, for the Philharmonic Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Stransky, to produce it for the first time in New York this month. It was written for the Norfolk (Connecticut) Festival, and performed there for the first time anywhere in June, 1913. It bears the outward marks of programme music; but the programme is not very elaborate and is hardly more than a series of titles. It consists of quotations from the log-book of the "Mayflower" recording the experiences of the English pioneers who landed

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in New England in 1620. The quotation at the head of the first movement is as follows:

> All great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties; and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages.

The first theme of this movement is illustrative of what has been said here of Mr. Kelley's type of musical creativeness. It is distinctively a harmonic theme. In its simplest form it consists of only two chords. These are sounded solemnly in the slow introduction. The theme of the Allegro is simply these two chords repeated in sequence. The second theme of this movement is more distinctively melodic, but even in that what gives it character is its harmonic basis. The second movement, bearing the quotation,

> Warm and fair weather; the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly,

is based almost entirely upon New England bird songs. This is the one part of the symphony that is most obviously descriptive, and consequently awakens from the ordinary audience the quickest response. The third movement, entitled

> Great lamentations and heaviness,

is based on a psalm tune which an old Connecticut Yankee, Timothy Swan, born in 1757, set to the hymn, "Why do we mourn departed friends?" This old psalm tune (which is familiar to many of an older generation and ought to be familiar to all Americans) is as fine musical material as could be found in any land or any time; and Mr. Kelley treats it with reverence and power. The final movement, bearing as its title the following quotation,

> The fit way to honor and lament the departed is to be true to one another, and to work together bravely for the cause to which living and dead have consecrated themselves,

repeats in new form and in new relations and with new effectiveness the themes of the earlier movements. Throughout the symphony it is not melodies but harmonies that serve as the principal themes. And the harmonic richness and originality are enhanced by the rich and original scoring for the orchestra.

Like this symphony, Edgar Stillman Kelley's musical setting to Elizabeth Hodgkinson's text based on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is predominantly a harmonical composition. The composer does not (except perhaps in a few and unnoticeable instances) conceive of his themes melodically and vary them or develop them by changes in his harmonic treatment; he appears to have conceived of them harmonically, and whatever changes he makes in them he makes by recasting them in various keys or by giving them varying melodic accompaniment or by putting them over against one another in new musical patterns.

This musical Miracle Play is so arranged that it can be given in costume and with scenery as a stage production or simply in concert form. It calls for chorus, soloists, and orchestra, though it could be given in part in a church, with an organ substituted for the orchestra.

There is a rather interesting personal story connected with this new American composition. Edgar Stillman Kelley really learned to read in order to become familiar with the contents of "Pilgrim's Progress." In a book which he encountered as early as his sixth year there were illustrations which greatly excited his imagination. The rapidity with which he learned to read (as he recalls it, he learned in a week's time), he attributes to the little book by Jacob Abbott which he says was called "Learning to Read"—probably the little volume of child stories entitled "Rollo Learning to Read." During all these years, therefore, he had a special feeling for Bunyan's great allegory, and for some years he has wished to treat this theme musically and has now finished his task. The work is now under rehearsal by the Cincinnati May Festival Chorus. That, it is to be hoped, indicates that it is to be performed at the Cincinnati Festival next May.

When the postman puts off his uniform and wears citizen's clothes like other people, he becomes, according to the theory of Mr. Chesterton's unprofessional detective, Father Brown, conspicuous. It is the paradox of life that a distinctive garb is the very thing to destroy all appearance of personal distinction. Clothed in the garments of incidental music, Edgar Stillman Kelley's musical distinction has received too little notice. It is to be hoped that if "Pilgrim's Progress" is ever performed as a stage production it will not be the music, but the costumes and scenery, that will be incidental.

THE POWERS OF THE PRESIDENT

The Washington correspondence of the New York "Times" of February 2 contains the following paragraph:

> Eleven Democratic Senators, invited to the White House this afternoon, were told by President Wilson that he was absolutely opposed to the War Cabinet and the Director of Munitions Bills. He would accept no compromise, the President said. He advised that the discussion be eliminated altogether; but if this was not possible, that it be reduced to a minimum as far as Democratic Senators were concerned. In the President's view, as outlined to the eleven Senators, prolonged discussion would have the effect of showing Germany that we were divided, and would, in addition, create a bad impression upon our allies.

If this report is true, the President is making a serious mistake. Under our Constitution, it is the business of Congress to decide what is to be done, and the business of the President to put that decision into effect. According to this report, the President is assuming authority to decide what is to be done, and to tell Congress what legislation is necessary for that purpose. His excuse is that "prolonged discussion would have the effect of showing Germany that we were divided." There is a Constitutional way to remedy prolonged discussion. It is to have legislation for reorganization of the administrative departments and the Government introduced into both houses of Congress and limitation put upon the debate. If the legislation passes both houses of Congress, then the President should accept it. The proposal attributed to the President by the correspondent of the "Times" substitutes autocratic for democratic government. It is not necessary to substitute autocracy for democracy in order to make the world safe for democracy.

NEW YORK CITY'S WOMAN POLICE COMMISSIONER

"YOU can call me either Mrs. O'Grady or Commissioner O'Grady, but not 'The O'Grady,' said the newly appointed Fifth Deputy Commissioner of the New York City Police Department, with a humorous twinkle in her eye, in response to a question by a representative of The Outlook.

There had been a little doubt in the mind of the interviewer as to the proper style of addressing the new appointee, for on inquiring of the doorman at Police Headquarters for "Mrs. O'Grady," he had been rather sternly told that "the Commissioner" was to be found in Room 211.

This proved to be a large, well-lighted apartment, with an outer room presided over by a young woman secretary of pleasing manners and appearance, and an inner sanctuary in which the new Commissioner does her work and receives her callers.

The new Deputy Commissioner is an attractive-looking woman of middle age, dressed well but simply, as befits an official, with a gold police badge on her breast, and wearing a small black hat—which, she explained, she had become so accustomed to having on in court that she did not feel comfortable without it even in her own office.

"I have hardly got accustomed to my new job," she said, in answer to a question. "So far I have given up most of my time to reporters and photographers, and I am hardly in a position to tell you what my duties are or what I plan to do. You know

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I have spent fifteen years in the courts as a probation officer. That is not strictly police work, and so it will take a little time for me to get accustomed to my new position."

In answer to some inquiries as to the number of women who might be under her leadership in her new work, and the number engaged in court work, Commissioner O'Grady, with a woman's dislike for statistics and a shrewd smile, suddenly asked her interviewer, "Are you asking these questions to test my general intelligence?" Then she went on: "There is a big opportunity for capable women to help in these police departments of our cities. So far as I know, I am the first woman to occupy so important an official position in police work. What can I do in this new work? I can only refer you to what I have done. I have carried my probation cases through successfully in most instances. They were little things, perhaps; but if you learn to do little things well, it's the best indication that you can undertake a bigger job. But if you really want to know about my work in the past you will have to go to others. I have worked a good deal in Brownsville. That is a Jewish district, you know. There are some splendid Jews in official positions in the courts of New York, and I have had fine co-operation from them in every way. I say this though I am an Irish-American—I came to this country as a baby, you know. Ask some of them about me—or others who are equally familiar with what I have done."

This modest declination to sound her own praises on the part of Mrs. O'Grady seemed good to listen to, contrasting as it does with the usual attitude of men suddenly brought into prominence.

Mrs. O'Grady continued: "I have just been out to investigate the case of a child who had disappeared. There are many such cases, and I could devote much of my time to them, though larger matters in connection with the welfare of women and girls will probably keep me busy."

"Will the Department provide an automobile for your use?"

"It will be for the city's advantage if it does. A department official's time is too valuable for her to spend half a day waiting on street corners for cars. But let me tell you an incident. Soon after I was appointed, a fine-appearing young woman, with a real soldierly bearing, came to me and said, 'Our association has a large number of automobiles that we are going to devote without charge to the public service during these war times. Mrs. O'Grady, we want you to make use of these cars at any time when they may be useful to you.' Doesn't that show a fine spirit?"

"One further question, Commissioner. Women all over the country are interested in the question of equal pay for equal service. Is New York's new woman Commissioner to be on an equal basis with the men Commissioners in this respect?"

"I understand that to be the case."

"And what is the salary, may I ask?"

Here Mrs. O'Grady's quiet humor again came to her rescue in answering this personal question.

"I don't know—I haven't got my pay envelope yet. But I have read in the newspapers that my salary is to be six thousand dollars a year."

During the course of the interview, which The Outlook's representative felt should be as brief as possible so as not to embarrass a busy woman engaged in orienting herself in her new place, Mrs. O'Grady introduced pertinently a familiar quotation from Tennyson, beginning:

> "The old order changes, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfills himself in many ways."

That here was a police official who remembered and cared to quote a line suggestive of idealism in connection with the work of the Police Department seemed a happy augury of the good influence that would be exerted in that Department through the innovation of giving a woman a prominent place on its official staff.

PASSING THE BUCK IN WASHINGTON

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

WASHINGTON is a city of irregularities. The farther you go along an avenue, the farther you are from another avenue (or street, I forget which); and by the time you have reached Sixteenth Street you have forgotten whether the particular place you are seeking is at the corner of Eighteenth and F or Nineteenth and K. Washington, too, is like that, temperamentally and politically. The only spot in the city which seems fixed and ascertainable is the White House, flanked by the Navy and War Departments respectively. On paper, L'Enfant's plan of Washington is splendid. Actually, it is a city of geometrically progressive separations; politically it is that also. The mental, ethical, emotional, political, and administrative point of convergence is the White House. And the White House stands a long way back from the thoroughfare. But that is another story, and will keep until next week.

Every one who is hypercritical, or even and only constructively critical, tells you solemnly that what Washington needs is *co-ordination*. Official Washington is utterly sick of the word. The President is openly antagonistic toward the suggestion. He seems to say: "I will furnish the co-ordination; you do not need a War Cabinet, and I beg you not even to discuss it." Nevertheless the critics, hostile and friendly, will persist in talking about co-ordination.

Do they know what they mean? I doubt it. Several of them have drawn charts for me to illustrate how they would co-ordinate everything, and no two diagrams agree. One co-ordinates everything in a War Cabinet which still leaves everything co-ordinated in the President. Another focuses all power in a Ministry of Munitions, but is not certain whether to make the Ministry responsible to Congress, to the Secretary of War, or to the General Staff; nevertheless the President is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and insists that a Ministry of Munitions would do little beyond disrupting the excellent navy system of supplies. A third makes a chart which proves that a Ministry of Munitions is simply what the Administration has already done in the appointment of Mr. Stettinius as Surveyor-General—a clever bit of Administration camouflage in military parlance, or an astute "passing the buck" in current slang—a term, I am told, which has its origin in the game of poker, and signifies that some other man is responsible for the deal.

There are many people in Washington who believe that the Administration's most successful accomplishment is the skill with which it has acquired the art of passing the buck. It has been said that Mr. Gregory, of the Department of Justice, passed the buck to Mr. Baker when he persuaded the Secretary of War to overrule Mr. Lane's agreement with the bituminous coal operators of June 28, 1917, in order to save his lawsuit against certain West Virginia operators for price-fixing (which the Attorney-General did not save, anyway). Nearly every one agrees that Mr. McAdoo passed the buck to Dr. Garfield when he persuaded the Fuel Administrator to issue the fuel embargo, not to save coal, but in order that Mr. McAdoo might have a chance to straighten out the railway freight congestion and facilitate Government operation. A few of the more knowing ones in military circles swear that General Crozier passed the buck to four guileless bureaus, and slipped himself from the much-criticised Ordnance Department into the War Council; there are some who say that Mr. Baker passed the buck to General Pershing by testifying that it was the General who did not want the Lewis machine gun in the trenches; and there are even some who claim that President Wilson will pass the buck to the Senate Military Committee and to certain newspaper critics by sending Mr. Baker to France. Only the grand assize of

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history can settle some of these mooted questions, but multitudes of people seem to be firmly convinced that the Administration is extremely skillful in passing the buck.

Still, in spite of all the confusion caused by facility in shifting responsibility, any one who is in Washington and in contact with influential men on both the legislative and administrative branches of the Government—as I have been for the past week—cannot but recognize that a sudden change has come over the Administration in consequence of the widespread criticism which has broken out since the opening of the new year. Senator Chamberlain may have allowed his dramatic instinct to run away with his logical powers when he read those two heart-rending letters about the dead soldiers as though they were evidence of the Medical Corps' demoralization, and his facts concerning the breakdown of the Quartermaster and Ordnance Departments may not have been quite sufficient to rivet the charge of utter failure upon the Administration, but his speech had a salutary effect and galvanized the War Department into more vigorous activity. Since the Senate Military Committee began its investigations there has been a new resolution apparent in military circles, and even Mr. Baker seems to have laid aside his cavalier manner in favor of a responsive and teachable spirit.

There are a thousand jobs in America which Mr. Baker could fill more perfectly than the one he now holds. It is no secret that he did not want the War portfolio. And it has been stated with an air of positive knowledge that he offered to resign, but the President would not hear of it. "Secretary Daniels weathered the storm, why not Secretary Baker?" Mr. Wilson asks. The cases are totally different. There is no doubt now that the agitation against the Secretary of the Navy was started largely and augmented constantly by the liquor interests, and besides that the "Hon. Josephus Daniels" was a name with which Gilbert and Sullivan could have juggled for two hours of delicious *opéra bouffe*. The criticism upon Mr. Baker has been almost entirely from calm and experienced business men—men of both political parties and from every section of the country. And it has not been leveled at his opinions, but at his defects as an administrator. The work of the War Department at this stage is more industrial than military in its nature, and that is why thoughtful people feel that there must be a large degree of truth in the charges made. Military defects are hardly visible at this stage; if serious ones have been made, we shall read them later in letters of blood and sorrow.

Perhaps the most persistent question asked in Washington is whether Mr. Stettinius will be given the powers necessary for the accomplishment of his task. At present he is under Colonel Pierce, and Colonel Pierce represents the General Staff. If Mr. Wilson will agree to a modification of the Ministry of Munitions Bill, by which Congress shall give Mr. Stettinius the powers necessary for building up a forceful department, or if the President will definitely transfer some of his own powers to Mr. Stettinius, we shall begin to get results at once.

One of the most discouraging aspects of the Washington situation is that the members of the Administration appear to be comfortably satisfied with themselves. There is something almost Pharisaical about their attitude—"Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men—or even as this Republican." The President, Mr. Baker, Mr. Daniels, Mr. McAdoo, have all pointed out how well they have handled a stupendous task, and they imply that no one could have done any better in view of all the circumstances. It is noticeable, however, that their stock-taking runs no further back than April, 1917, and calmly ignores all the lost antecedents.

Let us grant, for the time being, that most of the defects and deficiencies in war material—artillery, small guns, ammunition, clothing—may be made up; but what can ever make up the shipping deficiency? That business has been blundered and bungled from the beginning. We were led to believe that American skill and resources could produce six million tons of shipping in about a year. Then came the controversy between General Goethals and Mr. Denman over the material of construction, which dragged great names through the mud and held up production during several vital months. Then, only last week, Mr. J. W. Powell, of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, testified before the Senate Commerce Committee: "If the United States is able to produce three million tons of shipping in 1918, it will be accomplishing a wonderful feat." Lincoln Colcord, an authority on shipping, is quite positive that we shall not build much more than 1,500,000 tons. (Philadelphia "Public Ledger," February 2, 1918.) He says that Mr. Baker has already passed the buck to E. N. Hurley, Chairman of the Shipping Board, and prophesies that when the country knows the facts the Administration will make Mr. Hurley the scapegoat, which would be a great National calamity. Perhaps Mr. Baker knows how he is going to carry a million and a half of troops to Europe in 1918, and then feed, clothe, and munition them. If he does, there surely cannot be any harm in letting the country know.

Congress is genuinely in earnest in wishing to help the Administration. Only hypersensitiveness or an unquiet conscience could construe the actions of the Senate Military Committee as an inimical attitude. Senator Chamberlain's speech on the floor of the Senate was not made as Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, but as a "personal privilege." His word had been questioned by the President, and he put his facts before the court. Even the bills to which the President has such strong objections—the War Cabinet and the Ministry of Munitions Bills—were conceived and framed, not to hamper or curtail the Commander-in-Chief, but to give him competent aids in the prosecution of the war. By thus liberating him from any care concerning preparations at home the Senate Military Committee hoped to free him for those tremendously urgent and exacting duties which seem to have fallen upon him as the spokesman of the Allied nations. But it is useless to argue the pros and cons of those bills; the President does not want them, and even if one should pass the Senate in its present form it would be only to meet a swift death in the House. In view of the Congressional elections in the fall, the President absolutely controls the lower chamber—no Congressman would ever dare face his constituents with the President's disapproval branded upon him. Mr. Wilson is as absolutely master of the situation as was Gulliver among the Lilliputians.

This is America's war, and we are in it as Americans—not as Democrats or Republicans. Any outcropping of partisan spirit should be put under the ban instantly. One of the high officials of the Government preached that to me with eloquence and sincerity the other day. Then he drifted into a discussion of Mr. Baker. I took the position that Mr. Baker was a liability to the Administration, and his continuance in the War Office weakened public confidence. At least, I said, that was the way I read the mind of the people. "Supposing Mr. Baker is not as inefficient as the general public thinks," I argued. "It would seem that to restore the confidence of the Nation is the most urgent necessity at this moment."

"But can you suggest a man for the place?" the official asked.

"Yes," I said; "Mr. Elihu Root. If he were appointed, every one would be gratified, and Mr. Wilson would be praised for rising to the Lincoln level in the Stanton appointment."

"Impossible," came the reply; "it couldn't be done. We are committed to the party system of government. I deplore it exceedingly myself, but it is inevitable."

So there is a growing feeling that the non-partisanship should all be exercised by the Republicans. And I hope that the Republicans will be large enough and generous enough to play the rôle, at least during the present crisis. The question which came most often and most persistently to my mind during the week I lived almost exclusively in the Administration atmosphere was whether the Administration realized how tremendously the people of America had been gripped by the great spiritual issues involved in the war. No message from the President evoked such a response as the one he gave in answer to his Holiness the Pope, in which he laid down as the first and paramount condition an overthrow of the present militaristic rulers of Germany, whose word was worthless and whose most solemn bond was invalid; there must be a final crushing defeat of autocracy. The President's more recent utterance, known as the "Fourteen Terms," omits all reference to the overthrow of autocracy, or of making the world safe for democracy, and presents a bargain counter. So people are asking, and where they cannot ask it for lack of precise phraseology they are manifest-

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ing their question in a hundred forms of unrest, whether the great spiritual element has slipped from the soul of the Administration and all efforts are now being made for a negotiated peace, a "peace without victories," a shoddy peace, a peace which will make all the vast sacrifices of the past three and a half years utterly vain.

One gets the feeling in Washington that the rank and file of the people of America are spiritually far ahead of the Administration in their attitude toward the war. The people are thinking of its costs, its sacrifices, its tragedies, its emoluments to the race, with a truer and finer temper than that which one meets in official Washington. I am not nearly so much afraid of the Administration falling down in matters of material equipment as I am of a dimming or diminishing of that glorious sacrificial spirit which now burns in the hearts of the people. We do not want to turn back at Gethsemane.

For we must win the war decisively. That is the only thing America is living for to-day, its one purpose and function in the world, the end for which it is willing to give all and suffer all. What is needed now in Washington is a stream of spiritual and industrial energy which shall force its way into the ship-building, the Ordnance Department, the manufacture of high explosives—an energy which will brook no obstacle and scorn to employ an excuse, an energy which will produce the instruments necessary to winning a decisive victory for democracy. It does not matter so very much whether it is the result of the Senate Munitions Bill, or whether it shall be a reorganization of the War Industries Board by the President himself; it does not matter much whether it is Mr. Stettinius or Mr. Baruch, or both combined with others; the only thing that matters is that it shall be energy—experienced, plenary, and resistless energy.

Washington, D. C., February 4, 1918.

*Next week we shall publish a Washington letter from Dr. Odell entitled "Who Is the United States?"—*THE EDITORS.

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF LINCOLN

I—PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

BY AN EYE-WITNESS, JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER

Dr. Remensnyder, the writer of this article, was a student in Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg during the Civil War. It was his good fortune to be present when President Lincoln, on November 19, 1863, delivered his famous address. It was the idea of Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, to make of Cemetery Hill a National burying-ground, and it was the most appropriate conceivable place, because it marked the "high tide" of the Confederacy, and because here were buried over thirty-five hundred Northern soldiers who died to save the Union in the battle of July 2 and 3, 1863. Few men are now living who were old enough to appreciate the meaning of that address and who were also actually present at its delivery. In more ways than one this account has a personal quality which gives it special value.—THE EDITORS.

THE date for the consecration of the cemetery at Gettysburg (November 19, 1863) was set in response to the suggestion of the Hon. Edward Everett, who had been invited by the Governors of the several States to be the orator of the occasion. No formal address by President Lincoln seems to have been thought of. Mr. Everett was easily the most cultured speaker in the United States, it being generally thought that, if upon any one, the mantle of Daniel Webster had fallen upon his shoulders. Still, it occurred to Judge Wills, the President of the Cemetery Association, that, after the oration, it would be fitting that President Lincoln in a few words should formally dedicate the cemetery to the memory of the brave heroes here sleeping their last sleep.

So in his letter of invitation Judge Wills wrote: "It is the desire that, after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the Nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

President Lincoln accepted the invitation and left Washington on November 18, 1863, for Gettysburg. With Governor Curtin, Secretary Seward, and Edward Everett, he went to Judge Wills's house as his guest. The house faced the central square, and when the students (of whom I was one) learned where the President was staying the square was thronged and made painfully vocal with college cries. But the students were determined to see the President and have a speech for themselves. Loud and long-continued calls brought no response. At last, when our patience was almost exhausted, the President, who had been at dinner, which our turbulence had not permitted him to enjoy in peace, appeared upon the balcony. He waved his hand, and, as far as I can remember, uttered these few words: "I am worn and tired. You would like to have me deliver a speech on the great events and issues in which our Nation is now so deeply engaged. But you must remember that I occupy a conspicuous station, where all eyes are turned upon me, and where every word I speak is reported and given exceptional import. Hence I should say nothing except it had been carefully prepared. I have had no time to think, and where one cannot say anything worth hearing he had better say nothing. Good-night."

There was nothing particularly oratorical in this speech, nor did the students think it very complimentary after their tedious wait. So, with a feeling of disappointment, and by no means favorably impressed, we retired from the scene. President Lincoln had correctly sized the situation. It mattered very little what he said to our thoughtless student body, that merely desired to have its curiosity gratified. He would save himself, and we with others could well wait for the morrow. This little speech made to the college students that night, I believe, has never before been reported.

The next Thursday, November 19, proved to be beautiful. All Gettysburg was alive with crowds, soldiers, distinguished Americans, banners, and music. The procession, President Lincoln on horseback leading, started for Cemetery Hill at about ten o'clock. As I was perfectly familiar with the ground, and by nature not indisposed to improve my opportunity, a fellow-student and I secured what we thought the best place for seeing and hearing. We stood perhaps thirty feet in front of the stand which had been erected for the speakers on the central knoll of the cemetery.

The chief interest centered in the address of the Hon. Edward Everett. His great reputation as an accomplished orator naturally excited the student imagination, which expected to hear in him an American Cicero. And it was an admirable oration, clothed in elegant diction, delivered in a cultured manner, and at times, especially in the parts descriptive of the sacrifices of the soldiers and the solicitude of the anxious at home, very moving and impassioned. It occupied about two hours in the delivery, and at the close was greeted with great applause.

All this while I could not but notice President Lincoln. He was seated in a very tall rocker that looked as if especially made for his gaunt frame. He appeared bored by the address. Its great length and the brilliant rays of the sun pouring upon him, as upon the crowd, seemed to make him uneasy. He swayed restlessly to and fro, assuming all manner of attitudes, giving the appearance of decided weariness. When Mr. Everett's address was concluded, President Lincoln rose, adjusted his glasses, and with the utmost deliberation, and no show whatever of oratorical attempt, proceeded to read his address.

This seemed to be written on a large sheet or sheets of paper, which, either from scarce-suppressed emotion or a slight breeze, fluttered in his hands. His voice, somewhat rasping, was forcible and penetrating, and evidently reached the farthest ear of the crowd.

I must confess that I was not expecting anything remarkable

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in the address. President Lincoln did not have the unique reputation then that he later came to have. I looked upon him as a thoroughly honest man, of simple rugged strength, but somewhat uncouth in person and in style, which impression had been deepened in me by his nervous, ungainly manner during the lengthy preceding speech.

But all these impressions vanished from the moment the great leader began to read. His simple power and pathos at once held me. Every sentence seemed perfectly to voice the great history-making epoch through which the Nation was passing. The address appeared to gather up and utter in terse phrase all the mighty issues of the hour. Its force, its clear-cut sentences, its strong monosyllables, were notable. And then the beauty of it! The elevation of thought, the depth of reverence for the martyred dead, the generic truths of democracy, the tender sympathy, were uttered with a rhythmical flow of words that left a musical cadence on the ear. The time, in the midst of the great war for the Union; the scene, the crucial battlefield of the struggle, the hills and woods about us still echoing with the roar of guns and artillery; and, above all, the thousands of hero graves encircling us, contributed to heighten the moral grandeur of the moment. Then, too, more impressive even than the address, the personality of the man himself, incarnating the great issues, shone forth with a compelling power.

At all events, I found myself quite carried away with emotion. I was as greatly surprised as I was enthralled. The sentences that had most impressed me were: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here;" and especially this one, which Mr. Lincoln uttered with a tone of dignity equal to the strength of the thought: "That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom." This noble sentence long rang in my ears.

After the applause had subsided I turned to my friend, Wieting, and said, "What do you think of it?" He answered: "Pretty well done for Old Abe! How did you like it?" I replied: "That speech is a classic; it will take its place in English literature."

Such are my impressions of this great hour in President Lincoln's life, gathered from my vivid memories, and also from the records of my diary.

The grandeur and beauty of this immortal address were not at once recognized. But when it had spread throughout the world, and men had time to take its measure, it soon came to be recognized, as it now is, as one of the two or three addresses most memorable in the political annals of the race; nor is there any fear that it will ever be displaced from this peak of solitary eminence.

II—THREE PICTURES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY LUCY S. BAINBRIDGE

THREE pictures I have of Abraham Lincoln—pictures that can never fade while life lasts. They are not photographs upon paper, but graven upon heart and mind.

PICTURE NUMBER ONE

Lincoln was elected. On the next March he would take his place at the head of the Nation. He came to Cleveland, Ohio, and with Mrs. Lincoln beside him received and greeted the people. The bands played lustily, flags waved from every place where a flag could be fastened, and bunting was draped from window to window outside and inside the hotel where they stayed.

"This reception is for the distinguished citizens," said my brother. "It would not look well for a girl to go."

"But father has been here since Cleveland was a village, and every one knows his record. Surely he is distinguished enough, and as his daughter I could go, and I mean to go, and I am going to shake his hand. So there!"

In a blue dress a red-haired girl with red, white, and blue ribbons was presented. Taking my hand in his, Mr. Lincoln covered it with his other big, warm hand, and for the instant held it. Looking down with a smile, as though he saw the funny side of it all—a smile on that rugged, homely face which made it handsome—he said, "Daughter, I am right glad to see you."

The only other part of this memory picture is that of his turning me over to the little woman in hoops and tiny ruffles who stood beside him.

That girl was such a hero-worshiper that for days her right hand was kept wrapped up so that there would be no need to wash off the warm, loving grasp of Mr. Lincoln.

PICTURE NUMBER TWO

The Civil War was calling men and women to duty. "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand strong," sang the men. But there was need of women as nurses. That was before the day when well-equipped, trained nurses were ready for service. Among the many agencies for relief was one got up by the Ohio Military Agent. A party of Ohio men were to go to help as best they could, under the leadership of an earnest, practical Methodist minister. One experienced woman was ready to go, and, as one woman could not go alone, I was added as a junior member of the group.

We had been tried at Aquia Creek, where the poor bruised and broken men were brought from Fredericksburg after the battle on their way to Washington hospitals. Our party had been sent to several different points where there was plenty of opportunity for all our ministry under the direction of the doctors in charge. We had been so close to the front that we had heard the cannonading, and had cared for the men, black from the rifle-pits. At last our party were at City Point; our supplies did not arrive as quickly as had we. The barrels and boxes and bundles were on their way, so that the first night at the Point we had only a tent. The grass was thick and clean, and could serve as bed and chair. Johnny, the drummer boy, rolled in a log, saying, "Here's a pillow for you, Sister Ohio." At dusk a tap on our tent pole showed us a caller. "Will you ladies take in for the night," asked an officer, "Miss Barton? There is no place for her to-night. She has business in the morning at headquarters. We cannot place her, as our supplies are not here."

We gave to Clara Barton a most cordial welcome. She slept beside me, with the grass for a mattress, part of the log for a pillow, and half of my mother's big warm plaid blanket-shawl for a covering. In the morning, when she had gone, I was standing at the tent door, looking out upon the scene of the camp activity, when not far away, just good photographic distance, stood those two great men, Lincoln and Grant, in earnest conversation. There were only a few flags flying and there was no music; no glimpse of a funny story on those strong, sad lips. The President looked as though he might have been awake a large part of the long night and in prayer. At a respectful distance from the two men stood a soldier, as motionless as a statue. They did not see me, and I was careful not to move; but upon my heart and mind there is graven a picture in which every line of that face, that bent form, the earnest attention as he listened or spoke to the General near him, stands out to-day.

PICTURE NUMBER THREE

The body of our martyred President was to rest on its journey to Springfield, Illinois, at Cleveland, Ohio. In the center of the public square very hastily a pavilion was erected, where the body would lie in state. Flags drooped at half-mast; bands rehearsed the saddest of sad music; a committee of young women, decorated with sashes of black, with busy fingers made up huge rosettes and trimmings of black and of white cambric with which to make more pleasing the pavilion where the dead hero should rest. With drawn faces and many a sob, the people came, one after another, to look upon that quiet form, wondering, wondering who could guide the ship of state now that our captain had fallen. The city mourned, the Nation mourned; and to-day, after all the years, we do not forget to love and praise and honor Abraham Lincoln.

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WELCOMING THE VISITING UNITED STATES SAILORS AT MONTEVIDEO

WARSHIPS AND INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP

THE VISIT OF A YANKEE FLEET TO SOUTH AMERICA AND WHAT IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED

BY SAMUEL G. INMAN

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF THE COMMITTEE ON CO-OPERATION IN LATIN AMERICA

SOON after the entrance of this country into the great war, in the course of the negotiations and interchange of communications on that momentous subject between South American countries and the Government of the United States, a detachment of the fleet of the United States Navy in the Pacific, consisting of four vessels—the North Dakota, the Pueblo, the Frederick, and the Pittsburgh—was detailed to visit South America. These four vessels, second-class battle-ships, are all of the same type—a picture of one appears on page 247. They passed out of the Pacific in June, 1917, through the Panama Canal, into the Atlantic Ocean, and made as their first point of call one of the northern ports of Brazil. When they entered that harbor, it was problematic whether the war exigencies would permit them to stay more than twenty-four hours, but immediately upon their arrival they received a telegraphic invitation from Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, to visit that metropolis. The problem thus being happily solved as to Brazil, official invitations for the four vessels of the fleet to visit Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, and Buenos Aires, that of Argentina, soon followed.

This detachment, which is generally referred to in South America as *La Flota* (fleet) *Norte Americana*, is under the command of Admiral Caperton, who has had long experience in Latin America. It carries a complement of about four thousand men.

This visit of Admiral Caperton's war-ships to Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina constitutes one of the most important events in the development of closer international relations between North and South America. I was in these three countries during the time of the fleet's visit, having arrived in South America in April, 1917. I returned to New York in the latter part of October.

Back of all of North America's protests of friendship Latin America has thought that she saw a threatening of force. It was natural that some should connect the fleet's visit with this suggestion of force. This was especially true in Argentina, where even after the fleet's arrival some of the prominent men of the country retained the idea that the visit had been forced upon them. It was most interesting, however, to see the way in which a direct acquaintance with our admiral and his men changed this attitude. I recall particularly a conversation that I had with a prominent professor in the University of Buenos Aires. Before the fleet's visit we had talked over carefully various problems connected with the enlargement of friendship between our two countries. He had expressed his belief that Argentina should cultivate closer relations with the United States than with any other country. While I was away from the city, however, he made an address at a public meeting in one of the large theaters protesting against the Government's inviting the North American fleet. On my return to the city we met at his club on the Avenida de Mayo. As the Latins do, we talked around and about many questions, until I finally said to him:

"I am soon returning to the United States, and shall have opportunity of speaking to my people concerning these problems of friendship about which we have been talking. I should like to know your final recommendations as to how these may be better cultivated."

Quick as a flash, he turned to me with an upraised hand and said: "Don't force us! This matter of the visit of your fleet doesn't set well with me at all, because it seems that you are forcing us to take a position that we are not yet ready to take. I believe, as your country believed for a long time, that the best thing for Argentina is neutrality. If your protests of friend-

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ship and of allowing us to shape our own policies are sincere, then you have no right to force us into a position which really means a declaration of hostilities."

My reply was as follows: "I appreciate what you say and cannot entirely answer it, for I do not know the secrets of our State Department. I am sure, however, that it has reasons for what it has done in connection with the fleet's visit to Buenos Aires, if it has suggested the visit, as you claim it has. But I do know the hearts of our people. I believe that I understand the purposes of President Wilson and his Cabinet, that they are thoroughly in accord with the public declarations made by the President concerning our desire for friendship with Latin America and for allowing each nation to direct its own policies. At a time like this is it not necessary for us to trust one another? Some day you and I will know what only our Governments now know. Then I am sure that there will be a satisfactory explanation."

Spontaneously he reached forward his hand and exclaimed: "You are right. We will trust one another!"

This incident may be said to be typical both of the fears of the intelligent and cultured South Americans and of their real fundamental desire to be at friendship with us.

Before Argentina invited the fleet there had, indeed, been a remarkable struggle between the people on the one side and the Government and pro-German elements on the other. I was in Argentina during the month of this struggle, and have witnessed no more interesting incident regarding national relationships in fifteen years in Latin America. The President of Argentina strongly resisted giving the invitation, and later has resisted the breaking of relationships with Germany. He was accused of being under the control of the Germans. I judge the situation rather differently, however. He is in many ways a Socialist and a pacifist. I am willing to attribute to him the same honest motives in keeping out of war as I attributed to our own President. But no doubt he will be driven by such revelations as have recently been made concerning Germany's plotting against what she calls "veneered Indians" to follow the same path as President Wilson.

Over against this opposition was an influential committee which favored the invitation to the fleet and gave a great demonstration in one of the theaters of Buenos Aires on the Fourth of July. A former Minister of Foreign Relations presided, and many of the most prominent men in Argentina took part. The United States Ambassador, Mr. Stimson, made a notable address, the more impressive because, unlike most of our diplomats sent to South America, he was able to pronounce it in forceful Spanish. The following illustration moved the audience to enthusiastic applause. Referring to the wonderful monument in Mendoza which commemorates the unselfish service of Argentina in delivering Chile and Peru from the Spaniards, he said:

"You have a great monument that stands on the hill of Gloria looking westward to the slope of the Andes. It has a thousand bronze figures springing from the living rock; it is the most marvelous monument of modern times. It commemorates the patient, unselfish devotion of the Argentine people and their victorious march across the Andes under San Martin. As yet we of North America have no monument like yours of Mendoza. But may the time come when our deeds shall justify one; when the world will look upon our entry into this great war for the rights of the peoples of Europe as we all look upon that mighty epopee when San Martin led his Argentines across the snows to liberate the peoples of South America! We are crossing the Atlantic as he crossed the Andes. Never have we doubted in my country that, in this our time of trial, we should have the sympathy of the people of Argentina. Argentina, which first bore the torch of liberty to her sister Spanish peoples, will gladly see us take up this torch and carry it on to those peoples who are more enslaved to-day than any ever were in the days of the Holy Alliance."

One of the leading literary men of Argentina, indeed of South America, is Dr. Lugones. In a remarkable address at this meeting he said:

"When President Wilson founded with his immortal Message the League of Honor among the nations, this historic fact established two things of greatest importance: That each nation is, above all, a moral entity, and that therefore there are no great nations and no small nations before the equality of right. Thus has been enlarged the Monroe Doctrine, which heretofore had only guaranteed the integrity of the American nations with a certain theoretical efficacy. Such is the conception of our adhesion to the policy of the United States; what we are asking is the continuation of our historic attitude; otherwise the United States is pursuing the principles of democracy when the rest of America is breaking them. These principles bring serious responsibilities. Among others is that of co-operating with those who see themselves obliged to use the force that they have in order to defend their honor, which they find attacked by despots, and in order that this honor by which they live shall triumph. Otherwise such honor becomes simply a voice covering shame. The league of which President Wilson has spoken now exists. It is necessary for us to enter or to stay outside forever. The reception of the American squadron will lack the necessary significance if it does not have this result: To declare our solidarity with the international policies of the United States and to co-operate effectively in the enterprise which this fleet should accomplish."

This great meeting had the desired effect, in spite of the strong opposition above noted, and the fleet was invited to visit Buenos Aires. A splendid reception was given it. The pressure that was put on the Government to invite the fleet naturally created a very delicate situation, and here Admiral Caperton showed most remarkable tact and wisdom.

Equally important was the effect produced by the behavior of the four thousand sailors who manned the fleet. As visitors they made a most favorable impression. The uniform was an introduction everywhere. Not only the members of the English-speaking colonies but the South Americans who could speak English talked with the boys on the street cars, in the stores, and wherever they were found. The boys were, truth to tell, homesick, and didn't mind saying that they were. They were eager to talk about mother and mother's religion. I have never seen, in many years of travel in different parts of the world, such a readiness to confess homesickness and such an outward desire for friendship. These boys were not the old tars that had been members of the Navy for many years. I met several of them who were young physicians, lawyers, and civil engineers. Most of them had been recently recruited in the Western States, and represented normal North American life.

In talking to an old tar who had been in the Navy for some fifteen years, I was greatly edified when he said: "These days are certainly some different from the old ones. We don't have anything to drink on board now, and the boys don't seem to care about drinking like we used to. Why, when we came to South America before we had the policemen taking to the trees! But now it is all different. And I guess it's a good deal better."

The difference was not merely in the character of these American sailors, but in the recognition by their hosts and hostesses of the fact that they were of a new sort. Those acquainted with Latin-American customs know how the young girls of South American countries are surrounded with all kinds of restrictions, never allowed to receive young men except in the presence of others, and always accompanied by a chaperon on the streets. But on this occasion the mothers of the girls employed in the large packing-houses of Montevideo told their daughters that they had such confidence in their North American visitors that they might go up to any man wearing an American uniform and invite him home to tea! This so astounded the American residents in Montevideo that some of them took it upon themselves to impress the boys with the idea that great confidence was being placed in them, and with the absolute necessity that they should not abuse it. And, so far as they were able to find out, no advantage in a single case was taken of this remarkable letting down of social conventions. There were, of course, some amusing incidents resulting, as when an American sailor found himself looking across the tea table at a Uruguayan señorita, neither of them being able to use more of a common language than a smile. The boys who were able to pick up children who spoke both languages, to act as interpreters, were the envy of all the others!

In Montevideo the whole programme and reception were practically directed by the Young Men's Christian Association, to which the Government turned over a large building near the

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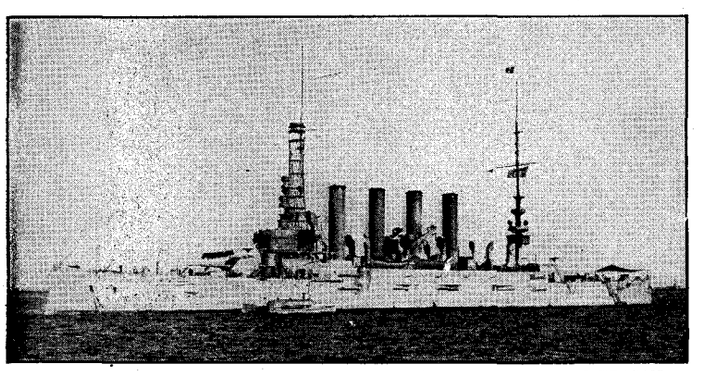
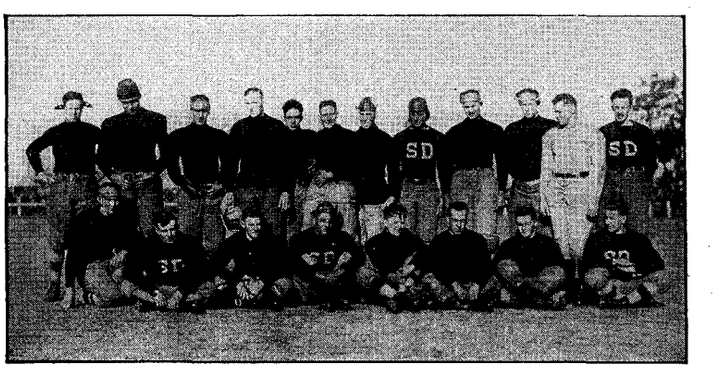
wharf. In this building there were opened a reading-room, a writing-room, a reception hall, and a bureau of information. Ten thousand dollars American gold was exchanged for the visitors in one day. In this same building the Salvation Army conducted a restaurant in which nearly one thousand men were fed daily. Every night there were entertainments of different kinds, furnished largely by the young people of the churches and social organizations.

The last Sunday night of the visit at Montevideo a remarkable meeting was held in this hall, lasting about four hours. The dean of the literati of Uruguay, Dr. Juan Zorilla de San Martin, said, in speaking to the boys: "We love the United States as a great collectivity; we love you as citizens of the United States, but we want you to understand that we love you also as individuals. We talk of our common mother, Democracy; there is some one else still dearer to us—our common Father." Then, leaving the interpreter, he repeated, in charming broken English, the Lord's Prayer. It is worth while to note that Dr. Zorilla is one of the leaders of the Catholic party in Uruguay. Such a man speaking on the platform of the Young Men's Christian Association, interpreted by a Presbyterian missionary, furnishes in itself a significant evidence of the new day in South America.

A university student, while delivering a greeting from his comrades to the sailors at the same meeting, said: "I want to confess that we students have had a great deal of prejudice against the United States. We had feared that your country had political designs upon South America. But all we needed



THE FREDERICK, ADMIRAL CAPERTON'S FLAGSHIP IN SOUTH AMERICAN WATERS



THE FOOTBALL SQUAD OF THE SOUTH DAKOTA READY TO DEMONSTRATE THE NORTH AMERICAN GAME TO MONTEVIDEO

was to know you to realize that these fears were groundless. We see what your real heart is, and now know that you desire the good of all America."

The Young Men's Christian Association not only changed the boys' money for them, directed them where to make their purchases and where interesting sights could be seen, but also stationed men in the undesirable parts of town to suggest to the boys other more attractive places. One of these friends told me of seeing a fine-appearing young fellow looking around in what is called the "red light" district. Going up to him, he inquired if there was any one back home whom he would be ashamed to have know that he was in this district. The man replied: "Yes, I have a wife and little baby at home." The friend said: "Did you know that they are giving a very fine entertainment to-night at the Young Men's Christian Association hall?" "Is that so? What's the number of that hall?" asked the young fellow; and off he went in the direction indicated. At least half a dozen times during the next ten days that young man hunted up his new-found friend to thank him for saving him from a terrible danger which might have made his entire life different.

The following incident shows how our English cousins cooperated in the fleet's reception. Latin-Americans have a great custom of pasting posters on street corners to express their pleasure or displeasure with public events. They had posted many very fine "Welcome" signs around in Montevideo. One of them was as follows: "The Banner of the Sun salutes the Banner of the Stars. The sun is a star; the stars are suns." (The Uruguayan flag has the sun in a white field.) An English friend, who was one of the most prominent business men of the city, was on the lookout for the opposite kind of posters. And, sure enough, the night before the fleet arrived he found one, freshly posted, which said, "Look out for the Yankees!" He jumped into an automobile and began trailing the man who was posting, tearing off the posters as he came up to them. He finally caught up with the man himself, and, jumping out of his machine as the bill-poster was stooping down to get one of his placards, he seized his paste-bucket and dumped the contents over the man's head! No more of these posters were put up.

It seemed as if the whole city of Montevideo was given up to our men's entertainment during the two weeks of their stay. The words of the Minister of Public Instruction to me seemed fairly expressive of the way all the people felt: "I want you to understand that this is no official reception. This is a reception by the people themselves. I have been working for closer relations between my country and yours for thirty years, but I never imagined it was possible for such a spontaneous expression of love and sympathy to be given by any Latin-American nation to the United States. What men you have sent us! It is very natural that sailors, after they have been at sea a long time, should be somewhat rowdy when they get to shore, but I have not heard of one disagreeable incident in the whole time that they have been with us. They have been models of morality for our own young men. And your Admiral! Certainly if you had looked all over the Nation you could not have found one more *simpatico!* The most popular man in Uruguay to-day is not the President of the Republic, or any other of our prominent citizens, but it is Admiral Caperton."

After the visit to Montevideo and Buenos Aires the fleet returned to Rio de Janeiro, the first point that it touched in South America. There it had a second magnificent reception. The last night before leaving I had the privilege of taking dinner with Admiral Caperton and Ambassador Morgan, the latter also a most important factor in bringing about these new friendships. The Admiral, who very seldom makes a speech, told us that night how proud he was of the way the men had conducted themselves, and added that a large part of this was due to the Young Men's Christian Association's work. He spoke of the great impression the common sailors had made on the people of Buenos Aires. He told of a leading society lady who came to him at a reception one evening and asked if he could send her twenty of the sailor boys to dine at her home the next evening. He agreed. Several evenings afterward, on another social occasion, the same lady came to him and asked if he could send a party of forty boys to dine with her. I could not help saying, when my turn came to speak, that while the Admiral had told us about the one lady who wanted to entertain forty of our sailors, he had not told us of the forty ladies who had wanted to entertain one Admiral! Admiral Caperton, as I have already suggested, conducted himself with such tact and sympathy and wisdom that the visit of his fleet to South America will, I am confident, prove of the greatest importance in cementing our friendship with our sister republics.

Admiral Caperton and our boys are still in South American waters. The last word I had was that the fleet was witnessing and taking part in one of the numerous patriotic celebrations of the South American people. Its commander and his splendid force are not only patrolling the South Atlantic to protect South American shipping, but are constantly reminding our South American friends that we are living and fighting for the things that are as dear to them as they are to us.

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WHOSE PRISONER?

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ARNOLD ADAIR

II—A REUNION IN THE SKY

BY LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS

CAPTAIN PIERON, as narrated in the previous chapter (published in The Outlook of February 6), began to read with absorbing interest the pages that told him that his friend Arnold Adair, long mourned as dead, was yet in the land of the living—but what land?

Not a soul [the letter began] knows the details of my sudden disappearance and the still more extraordinary experiences that followed it on the morning our squadron flew over Verdun to the north with the Vaubecourt and Bar-le-Duc Escadrilles. That was September 24, a clear, sunny day up aloft, but misty and foggy close to the ground, if you remember. The last man I saw of my squadron was Arrowdale. He was with me when I shot down my Fokker, but he left me and beat it after the other Fritz when he saw I had landed my bird. You must have wondered what happened to me. This is the first chance I have had to get a word through to you. But let me begin at the beginning, which was really a month or so before the day I disappeared.

It was some time in August, then, on the sultry afternoon that we were up over the Cambrai-St. Quentin country—you, Arrowdale, Green, and myself—that my story begins. I lost you fellows that day somewhere in the clouds, for I was up some twenty thousand feet and there were cloud banks all the way down. The four of us had come over to take a look and see if we couldn't get a Boche over some of their airdromes around Cambrai, you remember.

We hadn't seen a sign of hostile aircraft anywhere, and, I suppose, you others turned back, but I kept on by myself, going in deeper, though I knew there was little chance of seeing anything through all those clouds. Finally I discovered that it was getting late and I was getting numb with cold.

I decided to call it a day and go in, so, banking around to the right, I lined up with my compass and skimmed along the tops of the clouds, playing roller-coaster up and over the projecting ridges which occasionally stuck up above the level of the highway. I was keeping my machine ready to sink down into the concealment of the clouds if any enemy squadron should suddenly pop up in front of me.

As I was droning swiftly along I suddenly passed over a deep hole through the floor. I could see the warm sunshine flooding the brown landscape away below me. I shoved over the control and cut off the engine and shot straight down through the open air until at about nine thousand feet I got the flash of the sun in my face and found I was below the clouds.

Almost at the same instant the gleam of a white plane below and ahead of me caught my eye. This fellow was climbing up in a spiral, and the flash of sun on his wings had sparkled just for a second as he had turned. Was he friend or enemy? Whichever he was, I determined to overhaul him if I could.

Climbing back again into the shelter of the cloud shadows, I stalked him a mile or so north of him, trying to distinguish the markings on his plane and to identify his type of machine. He had a speedy one-seater biplane. He was climbing for a higher level, and I was gradually overtaking him.

A moment later I made out the heavy Maltese cross of the Kaiser painted in bold outline on each end of the top plane. The Hun was flying a Walvet scout! Here was a piece of luck for me! The Walvets were known to us only by name. They were the only type of chasing airplane used by the Germans on our front besides the familiar Fokker machine and the newer one-seater Albatros.

We had never been able to bring down a Walvet into our lines where its details of construction and its new features could be examined by our engineers. I had had numerous encounters with this machine, and knew it mounted two Maxim machine guns that fired straight ahead through the propeller. Every other side was its blind side. More than one had been shot down, but each had dropped within the enemy's lines.

I knew another bit of gossip about the Walvets' tactics, and that was that they always hunted in pairs, and they never gave battle except to a single enemy. So as soon as I made certain of my type I darted into the edge of the clouds above and looked about me carefully.

Where was the other twin? I searched the country below and the cloud-crowned ceiling above. St. Quentin spires and the windings of the Somme River lay spread out on my left. I was still thirty miles back of the trenches.

Cautious and wary of the trap for which these twin scouts are famous, I searched every fissure in the heavens behind me as I flew along, but no other airplane was in the sky. I was convinced that my sudden descent out of the clouds had not been noticed by the Walvet, and I was satisfied from his maneuvers that he was still unconscious of my presence. I abandoned all further caution then, and set my mind wholly on the problem of first getting my Walvet prize over the lines into our own territory before dropping him.

He was as fast as my Nieuport. He had the same armament, excepting that one of my rapid-fire guns was mounted on my top wing and could shoot straight upwards as well as straight ahead.

I knew the Boche would dart away for home the moment he discovered me. Being alone, I couldn't hope to cut off his escape nor to drive him ahead of me if he wanted to get away. I must make a diving attack and then tempt him to follow me by some subterfuge. I didn't possess a great variety of subterfuges, so it did not occupy much time to select one.

Reaching up to the overhead Lewis, I dropped one cartridge into the chamber and then removed the magazine entirely, placing it in its rack. After shooting the one cartridge to attract his attention, I intended to work the firing mechanism frantically to give the Hun an impression that the gun was jammed and out of commission. If that did not tempt him into chasing me towards home, I determined to stall my engine and make him believe that I could not restart it. That surely would waken his cupidity, and he ought to follow me to capture me when I alighted if he had any sporting blood in him at all.

At ten thousand feet altitude I could glide without engine power for ten miles or more towards home before sinking to sea-level. Then I would have to start my motor again and think of "what next." If the trenches were only ten miles nearer! Then indeed I might hope to get him over our lines before delivering the *coup de grâce*.

Here my clever plans were all upset by seeing the Walvet straightening out a level course to the eastward. He was a thousand feet below me and a quarter of a mile ahead. Dipping down slightly, I aimed for his tail, and, with throttle wide open, my Nieuport shot after him down the grade. As the space between us narrowed, I determined upon my tactics. After plumping the one shot into him I would swerve alongside him to his right and head towards our lines, giving him a full view of the trouble with my gun. If he followed me, I would climb ahead of him and risk his bullets. If he ran away instead, I would chase him and use my other gun.

In another twinkling I am on top of him and send my one bullet through the top plane over his head. I certainly gave old Heinie the surprise of his life. Perhaps I should have made certain of a bull's-eye, for it would have been an easy shot with a full magazine. But the idea of capturing the first Walvet yet brought in to our hangars held me to my crazy plan.

My swifter speed dropped me rather ahead of the startled Boche than by his side, for he swung his machine to the right upon feeling my shot, and I passed over him, with less than twenty feet separating us. Flattening out and circling still more to the right, I busied myself conspicuously with my gun without glancing at my foe. We were flying almost parallel and headed straight for the Oise Valley to the south. I throttled down a trifle to permit him to draw ahead. But he was too old

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a bird to be caught in the rear a second time, even if my gun was jammed. He banked steeply to the left, away from me. I opened up again and wheeled after him.

I saw the pilot staring at me as I came around. He was so well hooded and goggled that I could make nothing of his features except that he looked young, and he was certainly not a whit disconcerted. He even waved a hand impudently towards me, and I saw his white teeth as his lips parted in a wide smile.

I edged my machine nearer his until we were again flying wing and wing. He leaned out and looked about him to see if I had any other airplanes with me. Reassured, the Boche lolled back and opened his mouth with a gesture of great contentment. Extending his right arm out into the wind, he pointed a wagging finger at the side of my fuselage. He was indicating my name, "Arnold Adair," which was painted in square black letters on the white fabric of my machine to identify it to the rest of my squadron.

As for the Walvet, no such personal marks could be seen. The number, the squadron insignia, and the Maltese cross on the wings and tail were the only markings that appeared on its blending colors of gray and green.

This unexpected coolness of the enemy and his evident desire to be sociable rather nettled me. He was edging nearer me with an amiability that made me suspicious. I leaned out in my turn and again looked around for his scouting companion; at the same time I reached into my blouse and got my automatic pistol into my right hand.

Less than forty feet now separated our wing tips. Preparing for a pot shot at his head, I leaned forward into the shelter of the wind-shield and leveled the pistol. My *vis-à-vis* did not duck his head nor change the course of his machine in the least. To my amazement, he laughingly stuck both hands up in the air and vigorously shook his head.

The next instant he tore off his goggles and turned to me across the intervening chasm the grinning face of my dearest chum of the old Verney School in Switzerland—my dearest friend in all the world—Reinhardt von Bruck.

But now—you'll think, dear Phil, I'm breaking off at the most exciting point, like the old-fashioned "continued in our next" stories—but really, to make things clear to you, I must tell you what happened on the day you last saw me—September 24!

Our squadron had been sent over to Nancy, some one hundred and sixty miles east of our late camp, you remember. That was about a month after my extraordinary meeting in the air with my old school chum, Reinhardt, which I have just described to you.

I left our airdrome at daylight on the morning of September 24, with you, Captain Pieron, and twelve others of our squadron, you will remember. We were sent up in our Nieuport fighting planes to protect the reconnaissance expedition of you observers over the German lines in the Verdun section.

To none of you fellows had I mentioned the discovery of my former friend in the German Flying Corps. I didn't know just what to do about it. Reinhardt and I had spent two years together in the old school in Switzerland, several years before the war began. He was destined for Heidelberg and the customary military training, I knew, and I believed that he had been naturally pressed into the service of his country at the beginning of the war. I had not heard from him for several months previous to the outbreak of war. His fighting in the Air Service had never occurred to me.

Among the forty-odd boys drawn together in the Verney School from a dozen different countries, Reinhardt had been my bosom friend from the day on which we first met in the gymnasium class. We were sitting together on the parallel bars the first day of school. We examined each other's gym shoes. Mine were white and his were black.

"I think I will get a pair like yours," said Reinhardt.

"Won't you take these?" I replied. "I have another pair of white ones." We grinned at each other and became friends on the spot.

We sat together and had tea that afternoon, moved our chairs together at dinner, and slept in adjoining bunks the first night of our new school life. Our early allegiance withstood every assault from masters, schoolfellows, and town boys. In short, this Bavarian boy is the dearest friend I have in the world.

A curious feeling now possessed me on my daily flights into German lines after my strange meeting with this dear old school friend. The wretched thought of having already fired point-blank into Reinhardt's machine while two miles or so above earth tortured my dreams nightly. Pictures of his lithe body, which had so many times teetered before me on the end of the spring-board over the blue waters of Lake Geneva, now appeared lying mangled and lifeless under the wreck of his fallen airplane—brought crashing to earth by my machine gun!

What should I do if I met a pair of Walvets—fight them or run? How could I do either and get out of the situation with a shred of satisfaction left me?

Our strange reunion in the air over St. Quentin had been of brief duration. When the first stupor of my surprise left me, I cut off my motor, and Bunny, as I called Reinhardt, did likewise. I shouted some greeting to him through the swishing air, at which he laughed, shouted back, and shook his head. It was impossible to make each other understand from our onrushing machines. Waving him good-by, I finally swerved off and restarted my motor. I landed just as the sun was setting, in such a dazed condition that my mechanics, Jean and Brownie, had stood looking after me in wonder as I walked up the lane to quarters.

To resume: On that fateful morning of September 24th when I last saw you, my dear Captain Pieron, you remember we were co-operating with two or three of our adjacent squadrons. You were piloting one of the two-seaters, with Major La Tour as your observer. We all of us had a conviction that something big was doing. As usual, we in our chasing machines climbed up to an altitude of fifteen thousand feet, and flew over to Bar-le-Duc, where we met our fellows from the adjoining flying fields. Then in one broad squadron formation we crossed the trenches, our own detachment comprising the right end.

You observing machines, the two-seaters, were ahead of us and far below. We saw the futile bursts of shrapnel all around you as you circled over the Argonne, and from there we followed you over the Woevre. The early morning mist was not yet dissipated. From our high elevation the face of the earth was quite indistinguishable.

In half an hour's time we began to circle back. Our squadron leaders were settling down to lower levels, and gradually all of our patrolling planes were dropping after them. Arrowdale and Green were still outside of me when we wheeled back again to the north. I judged we were then about over the trenches, but it was too foggy to see. Looking about for them a moment later, I discovered that both of them were speeding away to the east. I immediately banked over and opened up in pursuit of them half a mile or so in their rear.

Ahead of them and advancing across our line of flight from our right, I could see two scouting biplanes darting northwards. David Green was well up with them and was maneuvering to cut them off. I altered my course to head them, keeping my slight advantage in altitude in reserve.

"Bunny," I said to myself, "is a hundred miles from Verdun, thank God!"

They were not Walvet machines, but Fokkers. We had them beaten for speed, and with any luck at all would have one shot at them before they could get to earth. The fog was thinning in spots, but the landscape was still too hazy to permit them to select a landing field with any ease.

The chase soon developed into maneuvering tactics. We flew north, south, east, and west, and several exchanges of shots occurred. Round and round we circled, friend and enemy mixed up together at times, up and down we flew. Straight in front of the Fokkers was the only position necessary to avoid. Their two rapid-fire guns lay side by side along the top of the engine hood, pointing dead ahead.

We three Nieuports kept up the chase for half an hour or longer. The rest of you had disappeared. I suppose you two-seaters went in on account of the fog. I shot away two full magazines, but the Boches wouldn't drop.

Finally I got the position I had been waiting for, and as I came in on them I dived upon the tail of the rear Fokker, raking a row of bullet-holes across him as I approached. Great luck! I evidently cut his rudder wire, for as I climbed up to return to the attack I saw my prize spiraling around in uncontrol

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lable short circles. Arrowdale was hovering around him to hold him until I could regain my position.

Down the enemy swung, obviously out of control. David and the other Fokker were streaking it southward a mile away. With a wave of his hand, Arrowdale left my crippled opponent in my care, and headed away after David. That was the last I saw of him.

Following cautiously after the falling Boche to satisfy myself that he was not shamming, I dived into his spiral path behind him. As I came abreast again I saw the doomed pilot remove his hands from the control stick and quickly extend them over his helmeted head. *Bon Dieu!* The next instant I am gazing again, for the second time in five years, into the now anxious eyes of my friend and my enemy—Reinhardt!

Doubting my own eyesight, I mechanically followed after the crippled machine in its gyrations. What an incredible happening! How could it be Bunny piloting a Fokker to-day, and a month ago playing his part in a Walvet team? What unfortunate coincidence had brought him away from the Somme region to the Verdun front at the same time with me? What should I do? I could not undo what I had done. It flashed across my mind that I was alone with Reinhardt, and nobody could ever know what I felt or what duty I was violating. I thought of our horseback rides together through the Black Forest; of our evenings in the music-room at Eckstein with his mother and sister; of his merry chatter across the tea-table at the Trois Couronnes.

Below me I saw that the fog still hid the landmarks. I could not tell whether it was German or French territory into which he was falling. A heavy bank of fog to the west indicated a river valley, but what river? In our running fight I had given no thought to the trenches or to our position above them.

Reinhardt was controlling his motion somewhat by operating his ailerons. His rudder was jammed to the right. He had cut off his engine. The elevators were unimpaired. He could keep circling until his petrol gave out and he could spiral up and down, but he could not straighten out to make a landing. He must come a smash eventually!

I passed as close to him as I dared. He was keeping his nerve admirably. He waved one free hand to me as we spiraled downwards side by side. Our circles were not more than a hundred yards in diameter. I realized the difficulties the boy was having in keeping his airplane out of a tail spin, and I pulled away from him to avoid distracting his attention.

Suddenly an inspiration came to me. If I could only make Reinhardt understand!

I dived across his path again. Catching his attention for a brief moment, I pointed quickly downwards with my forefinger, then to myself, then again towards the earth. I intended to get into the mist below and select a landing-place for him—come what might! The next instant I was diving steeply downwards with engine wide open.

Six thousand—five thousand—four—three—and down to two thousand feet I shot my Nieuport, standing almost upright within the confines of the safety belt. I approached the fog-covered earth with more caution, for there was no telling whether lofty mountains or sunken valleys would be found beneath. Glancing back as I entered the fog, I could barely make out the outline of Reinhardt's Fokker, so swiftly had I volplaned down. I cut off my engine to lessen the roar of my approach, although I knew the fog would so deaden the sound that my location would be difficult to determine, even to persons directly under me.

I had every muscle alert, I can promise you, as I leaned over and tried to focus on some object through the eddying streaks of white under me. It is, I said to myself, quite the choicest attempt at a landing I have ever tried. But what else can I do? I must risk it.

If the fog were lifting, I would have space enough perhaps to catch a glimpse of the lay of the land, and then, switching on my motor, might climb back up to guide Reinhardt as well as I could to his best available landing-place. I could snatch only the hastiest glance, under any circumstances. I doubted whether Reinhardt could succeed in pulling his crippled machine out of a downward spiral into an upward, climbing position, or whether it would be wise to attempt it.

As nearly as I could judge, I had kept vertically under the falling airplane. Too wide a survey would be useless, for the rudderless Fokker could not reach far out of its limited path.

Swish-sh-sh!! With a ripping crash my frail airplane seemed suddenly to have hit a tornado. I instinctively pulled up my elevators. At the same instant I was immersed in a perfect avalanche of foaming water.

Blinded, stunned, and suffocating, I snatched desperately at the clasp of my safety belt, and even as I did so I was conscious of a ridiculous desire to laugh at my disaster.

I had landed in a body of water, somewhere in France, at a speed of approximately one hundred miles an hour!

How deep, how far to shore, in what direction to swim, whether I was hurt, and whether I could disentangle myself from the wreck of my beloved Nieuport, were some of the thoughts that flashed across my brain as I held my breath under water and felt about for the top plane.

But there was no top plane there. It had been torn off by the unyielding current, and had undoubtedly considerably checked my terrific impact with the water. In two strokes I was at the surface. Lying on my back, I took off my leather coat, my goggles, and gloves. Across the surface of the lake and under the lifting fog I could see green banks of grass some two hundred feet distant. I'll swear I never saw a more pleasing landscape in my life!

I did not even abandon my long coat and glasses, as I had intended, but I swam along with one hand and pulled them after me until my feet touched ground, and then I waded ashore. Reaching the top of the bank, I found the outside world again shut out by the fog. It was drearily hanging some four or five feet above the water and slowly lifting. Not a tree, building, nor object of any character was visible.

Still too dazed to use my wits, I sat down on the grass and began slowly to remove my puttees and my clothing. As I emptied the water from my boots, I noticed that the grass where I was sitting was newly cut and was as trim and well cared for as on a city lawn.

I was stupidly speculating on this extraordinary circumstance when I suddenly heard a peculiar whirring sound from above. Puzzled, I cocked an ear upwards.

Reinhardt and his Fokker! I had forgotten him entirely.

Simultaneously with the Fokker's sickening crash upon the water I leaped headlong in. After a dozen strokes beyond my depth I paused and called to Reinhardt anxiously. Silence! The waves were circling towards me from the spot where his airplane had disappeared. "Bunny!" I called. "Bunny, old boy! Answer me!" Still no reply. I estimated the position of the center of the circle and pawed forward, hand over hand, urging every pound of energy into my stroke.

Swimming on my side, I struck blindly into a floating piece of wreckage. Examining it briefly, I saw that it was the top plane of the Fokker with one spar attached. The grim black cross of the enemy's Air Service glared back into my eyes as I pushed the obstruction away. Here was my prize that I had coveted several hours ago. Several hours! It was less than ten minutes since I had shot him down!

Well, this is war! A casual bullet might have set me on a still different course. What does it matter? I'm a bit bewildered certainly, but I must go through with it. What am I doing out here in the water, anyway? Why am I exerting all my strength so? My brain is whirling round and round.

A white object emerges slowly from the surface of the lake off to my right. It is the tail of an airplane. The engine is heavier, of course, and holds the front end down. Naturally the tail will bob up. Somewhere down along that up-pointing tail with a distorted rudder, something is fastened in a pilot's seat under the water. I don't recall what it is, but I must get it. In a second or two I have my arms around the cursed thing.

I fill my tired lungs with air and grope hand under hand down the distended buoyant tail. I notice the hateful Maltese cross outline painted on the tail as I pass it. Its very frightfulness startles my numb consciousness into activity again. I must get something out of its clutches before it gets me—and that something will be very precious to me. It is held in by a strap around its middle.

Here it is! I grope around the strap until I find the fastening. One hand frees it, while the other engages itself under the

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crown of a flying-helmet tightly fastened over the forehead of a slim young lad. Placing both feet on the edge of the cowl, I lift —and the lad comes with me. Easy enough! With one long swing we both are rising together, up—up—up, out of this agonizing atmosphere.

Gulping down several mouthfuls of sweet air, I hold on to the Fokker's tail with one hand, and with the other pull poor Reinhardt's face up close to mine. His eyelids are closed. The familiar blue tracings of delicate veins show across his high-bred temples as of yore. With some difficulty I hoist him, stomach downwards, across the tail of his own fighting machine, and open his mouth with my thumb and forefinger.

Alternately I pound him on his back, slap his cheeks, lift his arms, and go through the restorative rigmarole as set down in big black type under Lesson XVII. Not a bruise is discernible as I remove his leather flying-helmet. So tight is its fit, Reinhardt's hair is not even wet!

He draws in a shuddering breath, and I support him in as easy a position as my unstable water-treading will permit. Gradually his sensitive eyelids move. The next instant the dear boy's honest eyes are upon me.

"Well, old Chingachgook—my old one—*bon jour*," said my captive, slowly. "Wait till I empty myself, and I'll smash you for this!"

Clinging to the floating plane, we paddled to the nearest shore. I glanced at my wrist watch. It indicated quarter past seven—and was still running!

"Seven-fifteen, Bunny, you lazy pup! There goes old Selig's breakfast gong! No cream on your oatmeal again this morning! Three pages of Latin prose after chapel for yours!" I ejaculated, as I threw myself on the bank beside him.

"The question is, Bunny, are you my prisoner, or am I yours? Where the devil are we, anyway?" I inquired, as we stood on the grass wringing out our clothes.

"You can investigate me, Arnold. Suppose we toss for it," replied Reinhardt, swatting me joyfully on the bare back with his wet sock. "I propose that we intrench here in the middle of the lake until something turns up to identify itself. I have no particular desire to step out of this fog into one of your New Zealanders' *abri*."

"No more do I care to bump into your Crown Prince," I retorted. "But have you really no idea where we are? Don't you know which side of the blooming trenches we are on?"

"Not I, old timber-top," Reinhardt replied, putting a broken airplane spar on the fire we had lighted as though he hadn't another care in the world. "I've seen this lake a hundred times, and so have you, but which lake it is out of the dozen about here is past me. When the fog lifts, the guns will pick up, and then perhaps we can tell."

"When the fog lifts, then perhaps they can tell us, too," I retorted. "That's a clever little idea of yours, Bunny. One of us is in for it as soon as this fog lifts."

We both burst out laughing at the absurdity of our situation. Here we were, two enemies, standing stark naked over the puny little fire that we had lighted after some difficulty with my tinder-light, drying our clothing and wondering whose camp we were in. Our wrecked airplanes lay buried side by side in the same watery grave.

Reinhardt extended his waterproof cigarette-case and offered me a cigarette. I took one, and, examining the label, found it a celebrated Turkish product. We lighted up from a blazing piece of airplane spruce, and sat down with our toes to the fire.

"Captured by the great American ace! What are you going to do with me, Lieutenant Adair? What's this I hear about your torturing prisoners for information? Or is it only the British who do that?"

"Bunny, don't be a bally ass! Who ever made you believe such rot?"

"It isn't rot, Arnold, and you know it," returned my friend, quickly. "We have absolutely indisputable proof of the most villainous atrocities your soldiers are practicing on German prisoners. That is the only reason we permit reprisals."

I gazed at him in stupefaction. "You really believe that?" I groaned.

"Oh, come, Arnold. You needn't put on with me. I'm not charging *you* with anything. Except, I must admit, I blame you for taking sides with England against us. You are the most gullible nation on the face of the earth—you Americans. You are rich and strong and far removed from the war. England couldn't force you to come in, as she has forced all the lesser nations. So she planned the most stupendous propaganda to hoodwink you, and she succeeded."

"Reinhardt," I said, "I don't blame you for having your own point of view, but I dislike to argue this thing with you—it will only make us both angry. I joined the French Air Service within a month after Germany marched upon Paris. So you cannot blame England with hoodwinking me."

"Well, why did you do it?"

"Because I knew German soldiers marched into French territory. But look here, Bunny. Here we stand half naked arguing about this damned war when we haven't seen each other in five years. For God's sake, let's drop it, now and forever. To think of our meeting here like this! Twice, God forgive me, I've shot at you, trying to kill you. You, Bunny!"

Reinhardt grinned broadly.

"And once, Chingachgook, you tried to make me believe your gun was jammed. Oh, you poor Indian!"

"Don't go to sleep like that again in the air," I rejoined, somewhat nettled. "But isn't this an extraordinary mess? Tell me about yourself. When did you get into the war?"

Reinhardt related the circumstances of his early flying-school training. Ever since the Battle of the Marne he had been constantly flying along the western front. How many times had we unconsciously shot deadly bullets into each other's machines between Verdun and the North Sea?

I, in turn, recounted my experiences since we had last met at Eckstein. My trip to Europe with my family during the summer of 1914, and our intention of motoring to Eckstein to see him, when the war suddenly broke upon us. My subsequent enlistment in the French Air Service, and the different sectors of the front I had seen.

We spent upwards of an hour around our fire in the small hollow beside the lake. Suddenly Bunny jumped to his feet and pointed to the lifting fog.

"We must get out of here, Chingachgook. In a few minutes we will be displayed to some vulgar eye. Where shall we go?"

Together we walked up the bank and looked over our surroundings. The fog still obscured the landscape beyond a few hundred feet.

"You take the left, and I'll take this side, Bunny," said I, "and we'll walk around the lake until we meet. Perhaps we can learn something about our location."

"Farewell, my faithful swan," quoted Bunny, waving an adieu to his mangled airplane in the middle of the lake. "Somebody's going to find those remains very soon, and then they'll drag the pond for poor Bunny's remains. Well, here's luck to them!"

Extinguishing the fire in the hollow, we shook hands in silence and separated.

Leaving our leather coats on the grass, we set off in opposite directions around the bend of the lake. Guns aplenty were sounding all around us, but a foggy atmosphere is a rotten conductor of sounds, and nothing distinguishable could be made of their whereabouts or character.

I had not walked two hundred yards when I heard our old school whistle. I stopped and whistled back, and, after listening in silence a moment, retraced my steps to meet my old chum.

Picking up our traps, we left the lake and climbed the hill, keeping close up outside the hedge for protection. Before many minutes we climbed up out of the mist and stood gazing there lost in wonder and speculation. Before us lay a magnificent estate. Fruit trees and a neat low-running vineyard covered the foreground. In the rear, vine-covered, stone-walled buildings were almost hidden by a stately park of trees. Not a soul was in sight.

"It's well screened from airplane observation," remarked Bunny.

"Blest if I know where it is!" said I.

"Don't you hear those heavy guns back of us. Those are our Krupps. I know them. There's nothing sounding ahead of us, so *we're back of the trenches*. Arnold, I call upon you to surrender. You're my prisoner!"

"You go to the devil!" I replied. "I've worked with that

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heavy battery a dozen times. That is French. I know exactly where we are now. I am sorry to disappoint you, old boy, but *you* are in a deuce of a fix."

"Very well, if that's the way you feel about it," rejoined Bunny, pleasantly, "but I'll just bet you a *thé complet* at the Trois Couronnes you are wrong."

"Done!" I cried, shaking hands over it. "I'll take the bet."

"And now I'll show you something, my poor lad," I went on. "Do you see those grape-vines? Did you ever know a German to cultivate vines as thick as that? Those are French, and you know it."

"I smell grapes," sniffed Bunny. "Be they French *oder* German, I'm going to have some, if I'm shot for it."

"*Bien*," I replied, turning towards the vineyard; "but drop your German and speak French in here."

"Do as the Romans do," grinned Bunny. "Speak in gestures."

Stooping low to conceal our movements, we left the orchard and entered the middle of the low rows of grape-vines. Here and there we filled our flying-helmets with choice bunches—purple, white, and red.

"Here! I'll dig and you eat, Arnold," said Reinhardt, finally, as he completed his third hatful. "You've got no limit to your capacity nor your conscience. Remember, I'm going to charge you for every grape you take when I get you into camp. I'll have to roll you there if you keep this up. Don't they feed you at all in your—"

Bunny suddenly interrupted his genial flow and stiffened alertly. At the same instant I heard a few yards away voices—women's voices! Two or more farm women were working their way along the rows opposite us!

As we strained our ears and stilled our slightest movements, the voices slowly approached. I looked across the path into Reinhardt's eye. Only an amused flicker of his lids indicated that he understood me. We were in my own lines! The women were calling to each other loudly in French.

Motioning Reinhardt to remain where he was, I cautiously moved up the path, keeping within hearing of the voices. Determined to find out our whereabouts without risking detection, if possible, I cautiously skirted the hedge, crossed the road, and advanced from the rear towards one of the barns of the estate. At any rate, I could gain this cover unobserved and must chance discovery there.

Bunny was out of the war! Thank God, I had not killed him! To think of the numerous encounters I had had in the air with his notorious squadron for the past two years—from Verdun along the contested lines all the way to Ostend! Time and time again we must have unconsciously emptied our magazines into each other's machines and returned home bitterly disappointed in our failure to win another palm.

What lucky star had been following us both in all these months of air fighting, and now had brought the dear little beggar safely down into my hands?

Feeling magnanimous and joyful over my contemplations, I stepped through the rear stable door. I was suddenly brought up frozen in my tracks. From an adjoining room, evidently used as a garage, I heard a German officer distinctly berating his mechanics in crisp military phrases!

For one incredulous instant I stood there indignant and belligerent. Then I considered briefly, and in two jumps disappeared up the ladder into the hay-loft. "Ye gods! What does this mean?" I demanded of myself, furiously. "What are those devilish Huns doing in *my* house—using it as their own? How can I be mistaken—that French vineyard—those women? And I've got a captured enemy pilot out there. What shall I do about him?"

In my first burst of temper I came near throwing caution to the winds. I felt like wading into that obstructing trio below and knocking them into incoherency with my fists, then leading Reinhardt by the ear triumphantly to my quarters.

Gradually, as I listened to the loud voice of the Prussian below stairs, I realized that all my cocksureness was uncontrollably oozing out of me. Lower and lower sank my spirits as the certainty grew upon me that I was actually in German hands. Then suddenly, one significant irritable remark by the taskmaster below left me cold with dismay.

"Stupid imbeciles!" he shouted. "His Highness will cut you to pieces if you delay him one instant more! You are fit for a garage keeper—yes, but for his Highness—no! Bah!"

I confess it took a few moments to adjust my thoughts to this sudden turnabout of affairs. My one clinging idea was to get to Reinhardt again, tell him good-by, and beat it. I must see him again—alone. The forenoon was getting on, and streams of soldiers and servants would be about. His Highness, indeed! Under the circumstances, I didn't take to the idea of leaving my refuge to go back to our rendezvous in the vineyard. There were the Frenchwomen, however. Compelled to work for their brutal masters, of course. I might find a way out through them after nightfall. What a devil of a mess!

Le bon Dieu! Who is that speaking? *Reinhardt's voice!*

The clamor within the garage ceases abruptly. I hold my breath until I nearly burst.

"What place is this, lieutenant?"

"Who are you?"

"Captain von Bruck, Flying Corps of the Second Bavarian Division. I was shot down this morning and landed on this place. I want to know where I am and how to get a message to my headquarters."

"Yes, I know you, von Bruck. But I don't know you are a captain. Why are you carrying your coat?"

"Félix Domaz!" exclaimed Reinhardt in incredulous amazement.

The name struck my memory swiftly, leaving a dirty blot where it lodged. Félix Domaz, the high and mighty—the one bully of our boyhood days at Verney, the only enemy both Bunny and I continued to fight to the very day of our graduation!

Félix Domaz, of Potsdam! I might have guessed it when I heard the brute cursing his patient workmen. I had received so many facers in the last few minutes that my stock of surprise was exhausted. Not even the appearance of Bunny's Kaiser himself would startle me now.

But Reinhardt was talking. His voice leveled into the calm, authoritative tone assumed by a superior to a subordinate officer.

"My coat is carried because—it is a warm day," Captain von Bruck said with ironic emphasis. "Perhaps I did not desire to be seen until I was certain which camp I was in. Now! Observe the insignia of his Majesty's Flying Corps."

The click of Lieutenant Domaz's heels as he came to a rigid salute reached even to my distant ears.

"Kindly answer my question, sir. What place is this?"

"This is the—headquarters of his Highness's Staff," replied Domaz, the thinly concealed insolence in his voice emphasized by his deliberation of reply.

I could distinguish Reinhardt's exclamation of surprise.

"Near what town is this?"

"You are about six miles out of Conflans."

"Conflans! And my squadron is at Stenay! Where is your telephone? I want my mechanics to bring over another machine to me here immediately, and to fetch along rope and tools to get my Fokker out of the lake. Kindly send the message."

"I have other business, Captain von Bruck," sneered the Prussian. "I will take you to the adjutant, who will do as he sees fit. Come with me, if you please. Your clothes are wet, captain. How came you to fall into the lake?" continued Lieutenant Domaz after he had set the mechanics again about their work and prepared to escort his unwelcome guest to the house.

"I fell where gravity desired me," replied Reinhardt, briefly, as the crunching gravel under their boots announced their departure. The barn was left to two relieved mechanics, the fragrant hay of Alsace, and me.

Was I the prisoner? If so, I was at least alive—and that meant the hope of escape. My dear Captain, have you patience to turn to the next page of this letter? It will be my last.

Captain Pieron eagerly turned the page.

The next and final installment of "Whose Prisoner?" tells of the remarkable escape of Arnold from German Headquarters in Alsace, with the aid of his friend Reinhardt von Bruck, and of his subsequent arrest and internment in Switzerland, and finally of his starting for America

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

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A GREAT MOMENT IN THE GREAT WAR—GENERAL ALLENBY, OF THE BRITISH ARMY, AND HIS STAFF ENTERING JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY, ON FOOT LIKE THE CRUSADERS OF OLD

After driving out the Turks and their Teuton allies from Jerusalem, the British forces entered by the famous Jaffa Gate. General Allenby, his staff, and the commanders of the French and Italian forces that co-operated with the British in delivering Palestine from the Ottoman power are seen in the foreground of the picture walking—in this respect following the precedent established, it is said, by the Crusaders who seven centuries ago delivered the Holy City from the infidels

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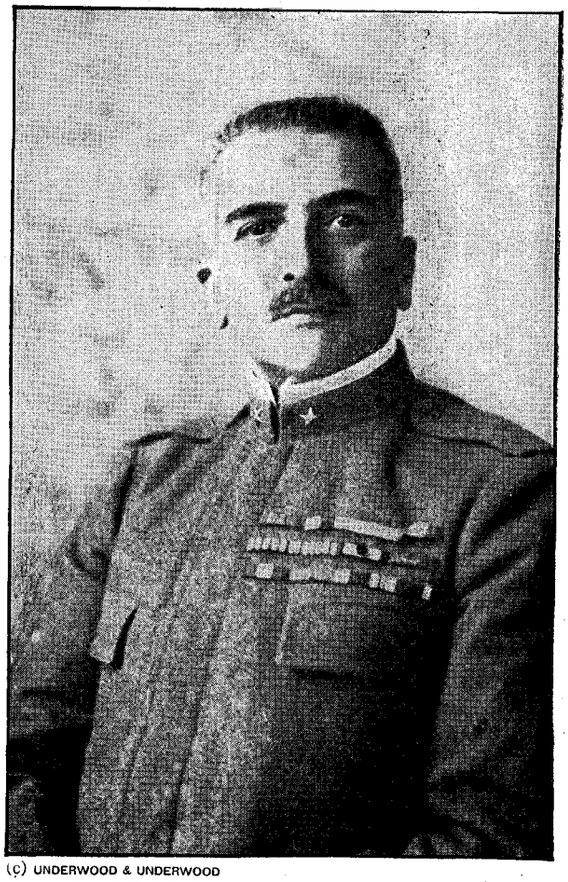
KRYLENKO, THE BOLSHEVIK COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMIES

Krylenko held the low rank of Ensign in the Russian Navy and is still usually called Ensign Krylenko. He was transferred to the army, and so far as known held no military rank until, because he was an ardent revolutionist, he was made by the Bolsheviki Commander-in-Chief



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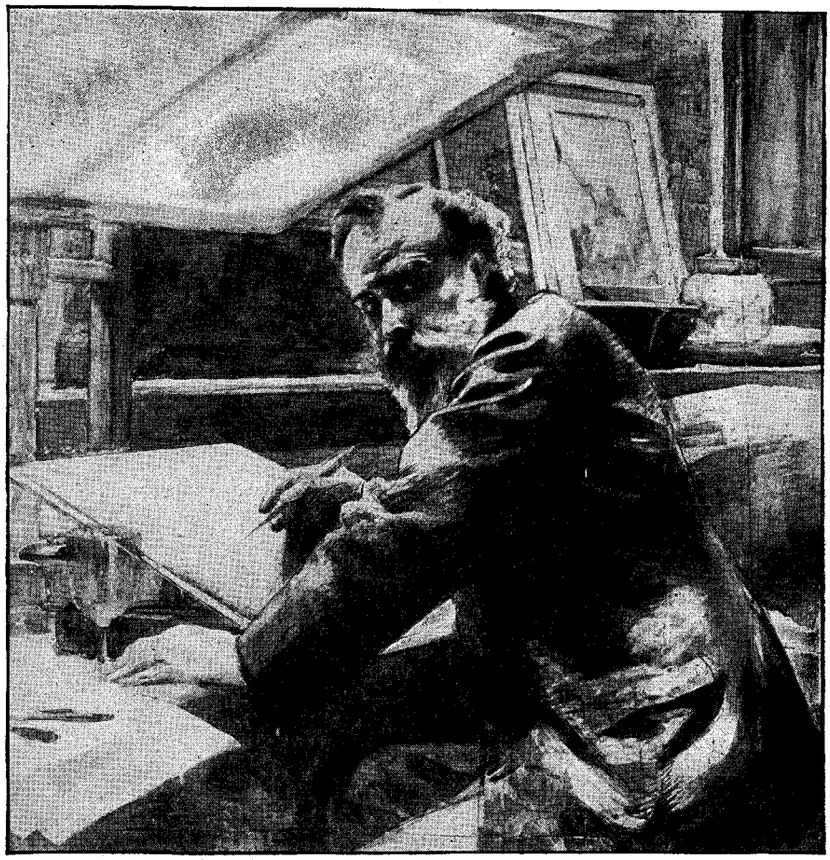
THE NEW COMMANDER OF ITALY'S ARMIES, GENERAL DIAZ

After the disasters to the Italian armies under General Cadorna's leadership, he was retired and all the Allied forces in Italy were placed under the general direction of General Diaz, a distinguished military leader



COURTESY OF THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

EXAMPLES OF FRENCH ART NOW IN AMERICA, IN A FRENCH GOVERNMENT LOAN EXHIBITION

At the left is Rodin's "Head of Bellona," the Roman goddess of war. At the right is a painting by Albert Besnard, an eminent French artist. It is a portrait of his fellow-artist Alphonse Legros. Both works are now on exhibition in the Museum of the Institute of Arts and Sciences, in Brooklyn, New York, in a collection lent by the French Government. See editorial comment on page 236

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PAUL THOMPSON

NEW YORK CITY'S FIRST WOMAN DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONER, MRS. ELLEN A. O'GRADY

See the report of an interview with Mrs. O'Grady elsewhere in this issue

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PATRIOTIC FIREMEN HELPING TO FURNISH COMFORTS FOR OUR SOLDIERS

Firemen work hard when their time for activity comes, but their hour for work no man knoweth till the alarm sounds. Meanwhile they have much idle time on their hands. Many firemen in New York City have voluntarily taken up the task of helping our soldiers by making comforts for them. In the picture some are seen knitting, one is at the sewing machine, and another is cutting out paper vests. The young woman seen in the background is a representative of an association that distributes comforts among the soldiers. See editorial comment

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TWO LIE-AWAKE SONGS

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

SENTRY-GO

I used to be so lonely when I waked at night and couldn't sleep,
But since my father went to war, I think—Perhaps he has to keep
The watch to-night, and up and down he marches, marches with his gun!
So then I walk in step with him the whole night long—we had such fun
Going for walks . . . when he was here . . . and when it's cold, I wonder whether
Perhaps he doesn't mind the cold so much, if we're on guard together.

STAY-AT-HOME STARS

Our Service Flag has just one star,
But mother said, "Of course you know
That you and I, like father, are
In service,—but the stars that show
Are for the ones that have to go.
Father will know that ours keep bright
Even if other folks don't see."
The sky is full of stars to-night—
Is it God's Service Flag, maybe—
And one for her, and one for me?

SHALL WE HAVE A WAR BANK?

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE rapidity with which economic history is now being made, with the fire of war fanned by the plea of military necessity to speed the process, makes it difficult for us to appreciate the significance of many profoundly important proposals until after they become accomplished facts.

This was true of the amendments to the Federal Reserve Act, which reduced the bank reserves required by law to a minimum which would have been regarded as an invitation to disaster a few years ago. It is also true of the Rural Credits Act, as well as the President's proclamation taking over the American railways, the meaning of which is not even yet fully understood, and it is particularly true of the proposal to create the "War Finance Corporation" that is embodied in a bill that has already been published in full and which will probably have been introduced in Congress by the time this is published.

Briefly, the War Finance Corporation, or, as it has already been dubbed, "The War Bank," is designed to provide financial credit and relief for the security markets that have been more or less paralyzed by the Governmental pre-emption of investment capital that has been necessary in the flotation of the Liberty loans. The control and restriction of new security issues is also provided for, so that unnecessary demands upon the credit supply of the Nation may be avoided while the war lasts.

The bill is a long one and it is not practicable to reprint it in full. In brief, it provides for the creation of a corporation to be called the "War Finance Corporation," which shall have a capital of five hundred million dollars, procured through the issuance of stock in that amount to which the Government shall be the only subscriber. The control of the Corporation is to be vested in a board of five directors, of which the Secretary of the Treasury shall be chairman. The other four directors are to be appointed by him, subject to the President's approval. The Corporation is to continue in existence during the war and for six months thereafter, when it shall be liquidated. The Corporation is authorized:

> To make advances, upon such terms as it may prescribe, for periods not exceeding five years from the respective dates of such advances: (1) to any bank, banker, or trust company which has made and which has outstanding any loan or loans to any person, firm, corporation, or association whose operations shall be necessary or contributory to the prosecution of the war, and evidenced by a note or notes, or (2) to any bank, banker, or trust company which has rendered financial assistance, directly or indirectly, to any such person, firm, corporation, or association by the purchase of its bonds or other obligations; provided that advances so made by the Corporation on the basis of any such loan or loans shall not exceed seventy-five per cent of the face value thereof, and provided that any advances so made by the Corporation, in cases where such financial assistance shall have been rendered by the purchase of such bonds or other obligations, shall not exceed seventy-five per cent of the market value of such bonds or other obligations at the time of such advance, as estimated and determined by the board of directors of the Corporation; and provided further that all such advances shall be made upon the promissory note or notes of such bank, banker, or trust company, secured by the notes, bonds, or other obligations which are the basis of any such advance by the Corporation, together with all the securities, if any, which such bank, banker, or trust company may hold as collateral for such notes, bonds, or other obligations.

In the case of advances to banks, bankers, and trust companies, one hundred per cent may be advanced against the loans rehypothecated, provided "additional collateral" is furnished having a market value of at least twenty-five per cent of the amount borrowed. In the case of savings banks ninety-day loans may be made against collateral having a market value equal to one hundred and twenty-five per cent of the amount advanced.

The rate of interest on such loans may not be less than one per cent in excess of the discount rate for ninety-day commer-

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cial paper at the Federal Reserve bank of the district in which the borrowing institution is located. Against the loans so made the War Finance Corporation may issue and have outstanding at any one time its notes or obligations in an amount not more than eight times its paid-up capital. These obligations shall run not less than one year or more than five years, and shall bear interest at a rate to be fixed by the Board of Directors. They are to be a paramount floating charge on all assets of the Corporation and are to be issuable at par in payment for any advances made or sold publicly, as the Board of Directors of the War Finance Corporation may determine.

They may also be dealt in by the Federal Reserve banks under the conditions that apply to the bonds of the United States Government that are without the circulation privilege, and paper secured by them shall be eligible for rediscount at the Federal Reserve banks. Against the obligations of the War Finance Corporation, whether acquired by purchase or rediscount, the Federal Reserve banks may issue Federal Reserve notes, subject to a special interest charge or tax to be imposed at the discretion of the Federal Reserve Board—the intention being, presumably, that the Federal Reserve Board shall be empowered to restrain the tendency toward inflation that might otherwise be implicit in the measure.

The directors of the War Finance Corporation are also empowered to license the issuance of new securities, and no issue having a par value of over $100,000 is to be made without their approval. This latter provision is not, however, to apply to loans made "in the ordinary course of business" as distinguished from borrowing for capital purposes, or to any securities issued by railway corporations whose property may be in the possession and control of the Government. The obligations of the War Finance Corporation are to be exempt from all Federal and State taxes, except inheritance taxes, income surtaxes, and excess profits and war profits taxes now or hereafter imposed.

From this brief analysis it will be seen that the War Finance Corporation will, if it comes into existence, possess the machinery through which the *Federal Reserve note circulation may be increased by a maximum of four billion dollars*, thus providing a credit fund of that amount that will be at the disposal of those who own or have made advances against the bonds or obligations of "persons, firms, or corporations whose operations shall be necessary or contributory to the prosecution of the war."

Obviously there is room for great latitude in determining what operations are "necessary or contributory to the prosecution of the war," but it is plain that a reasonably broad construction of this clause will put at the disposal of the security markets a credit fund of some four and a half billion dollars, as the War Finance Corporation is authorized to lend its capital of $500,000,000, plus $4,000,000,000 (*e.g.*, eight times its capital), to be obtained by the issuance of obligations that will rank with Government bonds and may be used to secure Federal Reserve note circulation.

This fund of $4,500,000,000 may be loaned through banks, bankers, and trust companies directly or indirectly on the bonds and obligations of individuals, firms, and corporations that are engaged in operations that are necessary or contributory to the prosecution of the war. These loans may run for not more than five years, and when secured by the deposit of collateral owned by the borrower may not be for more than seventy-five per cent of the market value; but when bankers rehypothecate the obligations of other borrowers one hundred per cent of the face value of the rehypothecated obligations may be loaned at the discretion of the directors of the War Finance Corporation.

It is also to be noted that, while the bill apparently provides that all loans shall be secured by "obligations or bonds," thus excluding stocks from the securities that are acceptable as collateral, it would seem to permit the use of stocks as margin to the extent of twenty-five per cent of the amount loaned. This is made clear by a clause which permits loans up to one hundred per cent of the market value of the bonds or other obligations hypothecated, provided such advances are additionally secured by "collateral security" (which is not otherwise described) having a market value equal to at least twenty-five per cent of the amount advanced.

Assuming that the Corporation shall exercise its maximum powers, the market value of the securities financed would be $5,625,000,000, computed as follows:

Lendable capital of Corporation	$500,000,000
Available for loans through the issuance of obligations for eight times its capital	4,000,000,000
Twenty-five per cent margin on loans of 4½ billions	1,125,000,000
Total	$5,625,000,000

The loans made may be for five years, which brings them nearly within the category of what is described as "permanent financing;" and, while it is not to be assumed that a very large proportion of the accommodation extended will run for so long a period, this five-year provision is to be specially noted as affording a means for successfully bridging any depression in the security markets that may follow peace.

The whole plan is one that its opponents will probably describe as a radical departure in finance. It is being widely discussed already, and at least one prominent authority has hastened to criticise it as "inflationary." As no two of those who use this term would probably agree upon a definition of inflation, I shall not attempt to answer their criticisms.

My own theory is that there can be no inflation as long as the gold standard is maintained (except as it may come through a depreciation in the purchasing power of gold), and that any increase in the supply of credit based upon real values, as measured in terms of gold, is desirable in that it develops the latent energies of capital hitherto dormant. This is, however, a complex question concerning which there is room for endless debate, and I shall not attempt to discuss it; my main purpose in drawing attention to the proposed War Finance Corporation being to point out the results that will probably follow its operations if it is brought into being.

It will provide the means by which, under the guarantee of the United States Government, some $4,500,000,000 may be loaned upon bonds and other corporate obligations for a period of five years or less. It is a maxim of finance that an assurance of credit makes for stability in values. The knowledge that capital can be borrowed by those who need it tends to promote confidence and release what may be described as the hoarded credit that is withheld by the timid in times of stress. The effect is to stimulate enterprise and energize hope and ambition in constructive activity.

I believe that the creation of the War Finance Corporation will accomplish this result, and I am therefore in favor of it as providing a method by which the industrial operations that are essential to the prosecution of the war may be quickened, and the marketable value of the securities which represent such a large share of our accumulated wealth may be maintained upon a parity with their intrinsic value.

If the War Bank becomes a fact, the unnecessary depreciation that has recently occurred in the value of many securities that are indubitably sound is likely to be promptly recovered, and men of ability will be encouraged to devote themselves wholeheartedly to the business of war because they will know that the capital required can be obtained when it is needed.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of February 6, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Austria Can't; Germany Won't.
Reference: Page 199.
Questions:

1. Discuss Germany's dealings with Austria. What advice would you give Austria? Think carefully. 2. What sort of faith has Germany shown toward Russia since the two began their peace maneuvers? 3. How has Germany treated President Wilson's outline of war aims? 4. From Germany's attitude toward and treatment of these three nations (Austria, Russia, and America), could you place confidence in any agreement Germany might make in respect to a just and enduring peace? 5. Do you believe this war must continue until Germany is *physically* at the mercy of her enemies? Give reasons. 6. Had you the power, just what changes would you bring about in Germany? For what reasons?

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The President, the Congress, the Country; The War Department; The War Machine; Staking American Lives on a Machine Gun; A Plea for a War Cabinet; Shall We Have a Coalition Cabinet?
Reference: Editorials, pages 204–206; 207–212.
Questions:

Note—Read the last set of references (pages 207–212) first.

1. What are the leading facts Senator Chamberlain set forth before the Senate? 2. Give a summary of the Surgeon-General's testimony. 3. How do you account for Secretary Baker's changed manner in addressing the Senate Committee? 4. How successfully do you think he defended his Department? Why? 5. Do you think the War Department is organized on a sound basis? Tell why or why not. 6. For what reasons does Dr. Odell ask the question (page 209), "Is there not something radically and profoundly wrong in the situation?" Does he answer his own question? How do you answer it? 7. What alleged reasons does the American journalist (page 210) give for our not having done more to help our allies? 8. How does he account for it? 9. According to this writer, of what value would a War Cabinet be? 10. What objections does he say are made against the formation of a War Cabinet? How does he meet these objections? 11. For what reasons would you advise Americans to read Mr. Bridges's article on a coalition Cabinet? Is the lesson as plain as Mr. Bridges thinks? 12. What does The Outlook say about (1) Senator Chamberlain, (2) Surgeon-General Gorgas, (3) Mr. Hoover, (4) Mr. McAdoo, and (5) Mr. Baker (the War Department), in its editorials (pages 204–206)? 13. From these sayings what is your opinion of The Outlook's attitude toward criticising public officials? Is it fair? Is it willing to give credit where credit belongs? Is it partisan? 14. What, in your opinion, would become of democracy if the last critic should die? Discuss at length. 15. If you want to know what the American Army in Europe is apt to experience in the next few months, read Empey's "Over the Top" (Putnams); Hay's "All In It" (Houghton Mifflin); Hamilton's "The First Seven Divisions" (Dutton); "A Student in Arms," by Donald Hankey (Dutton).

B. Topic: The Confession of a Quaker.
Reference: Pages 218, 219.
Questions:

1. Whence the name "Quaker"? 2. What do you learn about the Quakers from this article? 3. Tell all you can about the work and services of the Society of Friends. 4. Mr. Barton says that he held his belief about war ("that all war is unchristian") "without ever having thought the matter through in a completely searching way." State some of your own beliefs that you have thought out "in a completely searching way." Is it time you did this? 5. Tell what Mr. Barton's present belief about this war is. How did he reason through to this conclusion? 6. Is it possible to wage war "without hate and without a desire for revenge"? What wars have thus been waged? How do you personally feel toward the German people and toward William II? 7. What do the Germans believe about war? How came they to believe as they do? 8. Are there any things in this world more precious than men's lives? Reasons. 9. What did Jesus really teach about war? Discuss. 10. By all means read Dr. Pell's unquestionably valuable book, "What Did Jesus Really Teach About War?" (Revell).

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. At the present time it is every man's duty to criticise the President, the Congress, and Cabinet officials. 2. Congress should create a Minister of Munitions and not a War Cabinet.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for February 6, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Diversely, subtleties, apropos, cryptic, federal state (199); irreparably, function, deprecate, fetish, routine, captious, percussion (205), Ordnance Department, orderlies (207), attitude, aims, reform (208), per cent (209), autocrat, affront, incorporate, exigency, alternative, colleagues (211); ethics, tenet, community, civilized world, Tolstoy, Christian, exegesis (218).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

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Look into the economy of Yale products—

Consider Yale products on any basis—

The economy of first cost; the economy of satisfactory service long continued; the economy of quality.

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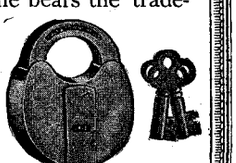
Yale products are leaders in their line—the accepted standards—and each one bears the trade-mark "Yale" as identification; as a visible guarantee of its genuineness.



One kind of Yale Padlock

Night Latches
Padlocks
Door Closers
Builders' Hardware
Cabinet Locks
Wardrobe and Trunk Locks
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Automobile Locks
Chain Blocks
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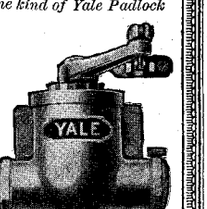
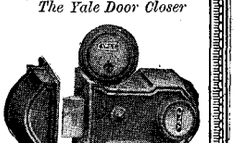


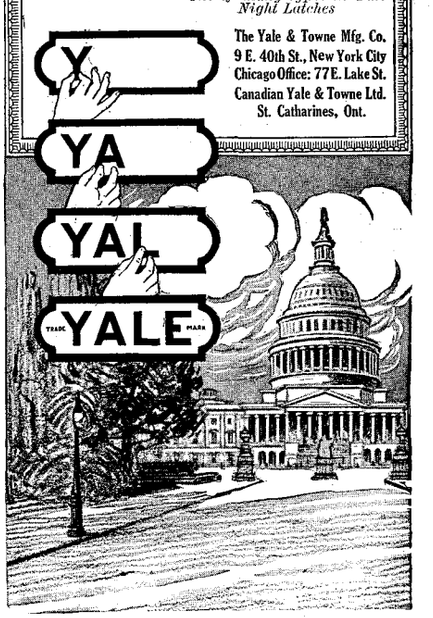
The Yale Door Closer

See the trade-mark Yale on the locks and hardware your hardware dealer sells you.



One of many types in Yale Night Latches

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
9 E. 40th St., New York City
Chicago Office: 77 E. Lake St.
Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd.
St. Catharines, Ont.



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"How I Save 51% on Typewriters"

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"Formerly the typewriters used in our office were priced at $100 each. Now we buy Olivers at $49. This saving of half means a great deal to us because we use so many machines. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this Oliver Nine, which we buy direct from the maker. After using Olivers we will never go back to $100 machines. It is pure waste."

Preferred By

- United States Steel Corporation
- Montgomery Ward & Company
- Baldwin Locomotive Works
- Pennsylvania Railroad
- Lord & Thomas
- Columbia Graphophone Company
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- National Cloak & Suit Company
- New York Edison Co.
- Cluett, Peabody & Co.
- National City Bank of New York
- Hart, Schaffner & Marx
- Encyclopedia Britannica
- American Bridge Co.
- International Harvester Company
- Diamond Match Co.
- Fore River Ship Building Corporation
- Boy Scouts of America
- Corn Products Refining Company
- Boston Elevated Railway

Was $100 **OLIVER Typewriters** Now $49

Over 600,000 Sold

THE Oliver Typewriter Company now sells direct. It has discarded old and wasteful ways. Formerly we had 15,000 salesmen and agents. We maintained expensive offices in 50 cities. These, and other costly practices, amounted to $51, which the purchaser had to pay.

Our new way saves this $51 and so we sell brand new Oliver Nines for $49.

This is the exact $100 machine — not a change has been made. Such is our $2,000,000 guarantee.

The entire facilities of the Oliver Typewriter Company are devoted exclusively to the manufacture and distribution of Oliver Typewriters.

It is ridiculous to pay any attention to the rumor that we offer second hand or rebuilt Olivers of an earlier model. This may be done by other concerns. So we warn people to answer only advertisements signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself.

Free Trial

Merely mail us the coupon and we will send you an Oliver for five days' free trial. Try it at your office or at home. If you decide to keep it, pay us at the rate of $3 per month. If you return it, we will gladly refund the transportation charges. Old machines are accepted in exchange at fair valuation.

We hope to be able to maintain the $49 price. But, if the cost of materials and labor continues to go up, we may be forced to increase this price. We do not wish to. We do not expect to. But we advise you to act now to be certain of getting your Oliver Nine at $49.

The Oliver Nine has the universal standard keyboard. So any operator may turn to it without the slightest hesitation. And it has a dozen other features which attract. It is greatly simplified in construction, having 2000 fewer parts. It is noted for its freedom from trouble, great durability and easy operation.

Why Be Wasteful?

Whether you use 1 typewriter or 100, this new Oliver plan saves you half.

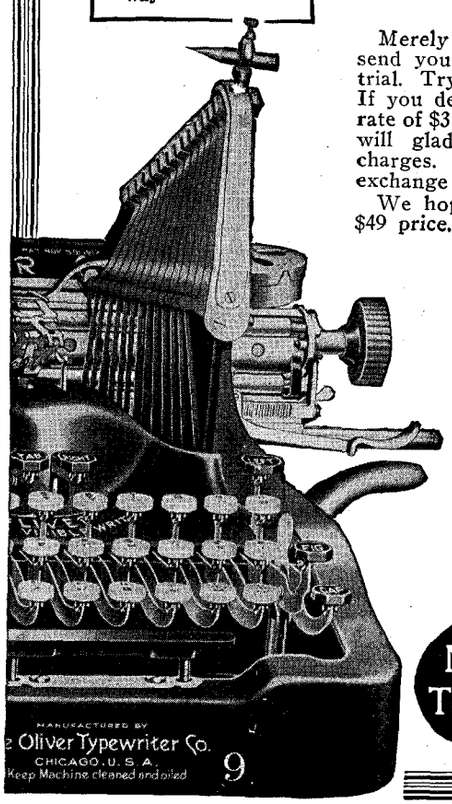
No machine does better work. No typewriter is speedier. None are more satisfactory in the long run than the Oliver Nine.

All this you can know for yourself very easily. You are your own salesman and decide for yourself.

Read the coupon. Note how simple our plan is. Then mail it today for either a free trial Oliver, or our amazing book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters — The Reason and the Remedy." With the latter we send an illustrated catalog describing the Oliver in detail.

Which for you? Check one or the other item on the coupon now.

Canadian Price $62.65



The Oliver Typewriter Company

1212 Oliver Typewriter Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

Save Half

Mail Today

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1212 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

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PIEDMONT COLLEGE

DEMOREST, GA.

Appeals to the Christian and Patriotic People of America for Help in this Time of Stress

WHY?

I. Because this College is an Asset of Great National Value

1. It is ideally located: In the great Piedmont section, on the edge of the Blue Ridge mountains, in a region of entrancing beauty, in one of the two most healthful counties of the United States, in the geographical center of the Southeast, on the greatest railway system of the South.

2. It has a special field of incomparable needs and possibilities: While its doors open to all classes, its special field is the descendants of the non-slaveholding families of slavery days—the Scotch-Irish of the Southern mountains and the pure Anglo-Saxons of the Southern lowlands. Four-fifths of the white people of the South never had a slave, while slavery robbed them of every industrial and social opportunity.

From this stock came the greatest of all Americans. Abraham Lincoln's mother was from the mountains, his father from the lowlands. He was born and had his childhood in a cabin poorer than the average mountain cabin. Piedmont College has for its field the millions of these kinsfolk of Lincoln.

They are a sturdy, loyal race. A New England minister visiting one of their schools wrote, "The number of six-footers here is unreasonable." In one mountain county so many enlisted for the present war that no draft was made in the county. In one lowland county one hundred and fifty-two were drafted, all passed the physical examination, and not one asked for exemption. Yet in the State in which this county is located thirty thousand drafted men signed with a cross because they could not write their names. We have no blood in America of better natural endowment. What an asset to develop for our Country!

3. It has an unusual record: Chartered September 7th, 1897, in twenty years its influence has transformed the mountain region about it. It has sent hundreds of teachers into the mountains and lowlands of the South, and hundreds of workers into other walks of life—ministers, lawyers, farmers, endowed with ideals and trained for service. It has developed and donated to the town in which it is located a self-supporting public school system, promoted a sewer system and water-works for the town, is introducing better farming methods, truck gardening, new breeds of cattle and hogs, is developing fruit culture and leading the way in many things in the practical life of the people.

4. It has a good beginning in equipment: It has four hundred acres of land, uses twenty buildings of various kinds, has the beginnings of ten industries, has about $300,000 worth of property, including a little over $100,000 of endowment funds. It has forty-eight teachers and workers, and although many of its students are in the army and navy, it opened this year with crowded buildings—young men and women in about equal numbers.

5. It is training coming leaders for the South and the Nation: It has students from thirteen States, and from this great field it is bringing new, fresh, and vigorous forces into our national life. It is disseminating ideals which rapidly germinate into valuable material, intellectual and spiritual assets.

6. It is thoroughly Christian: It exerts no pressure, uses no fervent evangelistic methods, yet so earnest are the students who come from these awakening people, so practical, wholesome and Christian is the spirit of the institution, that every member of its twenty graduating classes has taken a Christian stand and every graduate, with perhaps one exception, is "making good" in the world today.

II. Because War Conditions have Cut Off a Large Part of its Regular Donations

1. Its Budget calls for $50,000 in donations in addition to stated income to cover regular expenses and necessary extras.

2. It has cost life-blood to secure what has been secured (something over $20,000) and the work grows more difficult every day.

3. $10,000 is imperatively needed immediately and $20,000 more before the end of its fiscal year, June 30th.

It will be a calamity to have this institution, with such a field, such a record, and such need of its work, disastrously crippled, as it surely will be unless assistance is quickly given. Donations of any size will be gladly welcomed and promptly acknowledged.

Make checks payable to Piedmont College, and mail to the Treasurer, George C. Burrage, Box 174, Demorest, Ga., or for this month and next to Pres. Frank E. Jenkins, Room 85, 289 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Do Not Fail this Christian College in its Hour of Distress in the Year When it is Doing its Most Successful Work in Helping Make Democracy Safe

This advertisement was made possible by a special donation from a friend of Piedmont.

"WON'T YOU WORK A LITTLE FASTER?"

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE, OF THE VIGILANTES

(With most devout apologies to the late Mr. Lewis Carroll)

'Won't you work a little faster?" said the People of the State;
"There's a crisis close before us and we haven't time to wait.
See how eagerly the soldiery is drilling on the shore!
Won't you give 'em shoes and guns and things so they can win the war?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you win the war?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you win the war?

"You can really have no notion how successful they will be
When you give 'em ships and food and things and send 'em 'cross the sea!"
But that State replied, "Quite so, quite so. We could not do before
The things we could, or would, which would, or could not, win the war.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not win the war.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not win the war.

"We're doing everything we can. Recall, if that don't suit yer,
The further from the past we get, the closer to the future."
But the People shook their heads and said, "That's rather less than more,
For it doesn't give us victory or help us win the war.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you win the war?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you win the war?"

SACRIFICE THE ORDER OF THE DAY

BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER HENRY VAN DYKE, U. S. N.
Former United States Minister to the Netherlands

When the first Liberty Loan came out, I subscribed as much as I could.

When the second Liberty Loan came out, I found that I could subscribe something more to that.

Now I am getting ready to subscribe something more to the third Liberty Loan when it appears.

Why should any American be surprised or grieved at being called upon for self-denial in these perilous and glorious times? We cannot win this war with a couple of million soldiers and sailors and ninety-eight million slackers. Everybody, from the youngest to the oldest, from the richest to the poorest, must lend a hand.

Sacrifice is the order of the day.

Our life in this country for the past half-century has been too easy, too prosperous, too comfortable, too free from care. It has tended to a false self-complacency and a silly sense of immunity from all dangers—as if all the liberties and privileges which we enjoy were ours by a divine right and could never be threatened or taken away from us.

Such a state of feeling tends to fatty degeneration of the heart, mind, and conscience.

Now this war has come to shake us out of that dangerous condition and to teach us that we must all be ready to defend the things which we value most if we wish to keep them. It is a hard experience for all of us, and for some it will be a sharp and

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Sacrifice the Order of the Day (Continued)

bitter trial. But nothing is worth having which is not worth making a sacrifice for.

Those who do not take a part in that sacrifice now, either by personal service or by the consecration of their resources, are not worthy of the name of American. The happiest and most enviable are those who can do both.

The argument for the Liberty Loan as one of the absolutely indispensable munitions of our country in this war is too plain to need statement.

The argument for the Liberty Loan as the safest and surest investment in the world to-day ought to have weight with that prudence which is not altogether an unworthy part of patriotism. But I should not stress this argument too strongly. For, after all, it is not self-preservation that we must think of first. It is the preservation of the life and honor of our country.

My little daughter, twelve years old, was the first in our family to subscribe to the first Liberty Loan. She said to me one day in October: "Father, I have done something without asking your permission, but I hope you will not be displeased." "What is it?" I asked her. "Well," she said, "I took my money out of the savings bank and bought a hundred-dollar Liberty bond."

Was I displeased? I guess not!

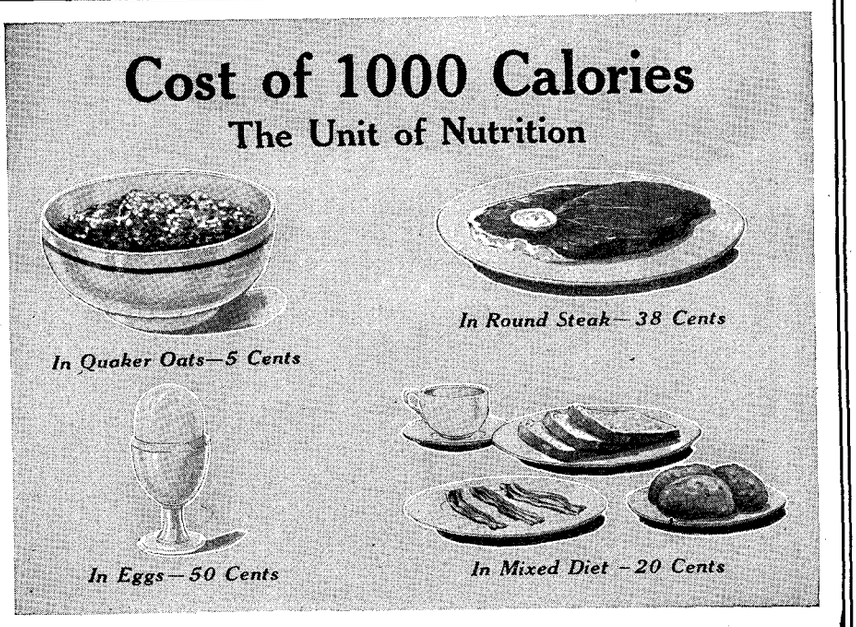
BAPTISTS, IMMERSION, AND THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT

The editorial in The Outlook for December 19 on "Mr Rockefeller's Contribution to Christian Union" opens up a question that needs a full and free discussion. The Outlook rightly says that "what distinguishes the Baptist churches is their spirit of individual liberty." Putting it into the old formula, it is "the right of private judgment." We Baptists have boasted of this principle for ages. The one and only great step we need to take to-day is to be consistent in its application in our churches. For example, no Baptist church that I have ever known thinks of making belief in missions an indispensable prerequisite to church membership—that question is left to the individual's own judgment; and yet what sane man would ever put the two things, immersion and the missionary spirit, on the same level? The missionary spirit in our churches is infinitely more important than any form of baptism can ever be. If we leave the greater thing to the individual's own spirit and judgment and refuse (as we do) to let him exercise that same judgment on the lesser thing, are we not in danger of being classed with those of olden days who "strained at a gnat but swallowed a camel"? Does not this action put us with those who tithe "mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law"?

"The right of private judgment" has practically won out in the matter of the communion; and many Baptist churches have already taken the same stand with regard to immersion.

The best basis for church membership is that given in Acts x: "I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth [reverences] him, and worketh righteousness [does right], is acceptable to him." And all such ought to be acceptable as church members.

GEORGE DONO BROOKES,
Pastor First Baptist Church.
Johnstown, Pennsylvania.



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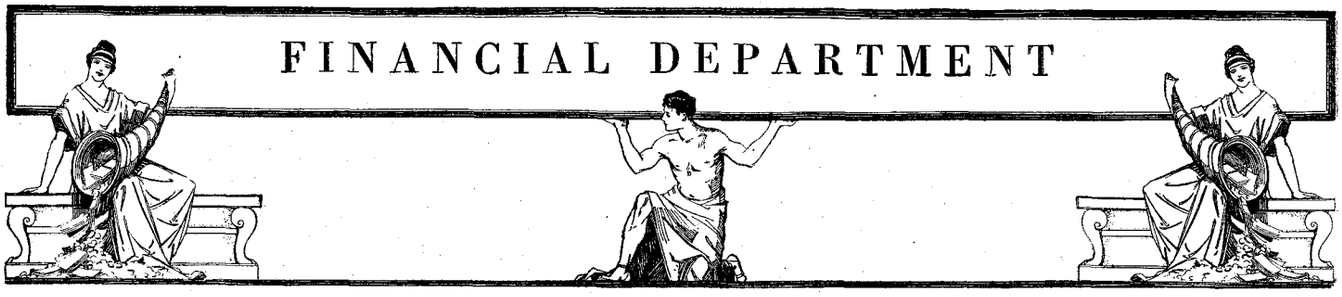

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Individual Income Tax Return Blanks

for Incomes in Excess of $3,000

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT has approved the blank form for Income Tax returns on individual incomes in excess of $3,000. A copy of this blank (Form 1040) may be obtained at our offices.

A representative of the Internal Revenue Bureau is located in the office of The National City Company and is co-operating with the experts in our War Tax Department.

This Department will be glad to aid you in making your income tax return and in clearing up your income tax problems.

Our various correspondent offices, located in the important investment centers, are also equipped to render valuable service in this connection.

There will be no charge for this service.

The War Tax Department supplements the various departments in this Company which are making a study of specific classes of securities. Through these departments The National City Company will be glad to submit offerings of securities or to make timely suggestions regarding investment problems. *Send for circular Z-67.*

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National City Bank Building New York

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Bonds Short Term Notes Acceptances

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SAVE THE SAVINGS BANKS

A READER has sent us the following letter, which we reprint with our comment thereon:

I am putting most of my current savings into United States Government bonds, but I have $1,000 in the savings bank, and I want to get it earning more. Will you kindly suggest a few issues suitable for this small investment? I have offered to me two $500 bonds to return about 6 per cent. I am getting only 4 per cent from the savings bank.

Generally speaking, we do not recommend the withdrawal of funds from savings banks for the purchase of investment securities. The great savings banks of the country are institutions conducted without profit for the purpose of enabling people of small means to invest their savings at a fair rate of interest with absolute security. Savings banks perform a great function in the country. The funds deposited in them are invested by the trustees with great care under rigid State laws for the protection of depositors.

About $5,500,000,000 is now on deposit in American savings banks—an amount equal to the entire stock of money in the country. But the savings banks do not hold the money intrusted to them by their depositors. If they held the money idle in their vaults, it would be earning nothing, and therefore the banks could pay no interest to their depositors. All of these savings banks funds, excepting a very small amount of till money, are invested in high-grade bonds, mortgages, and loans. In other words, the small savings of millions of people are through the savings banks mobilized to finance a very considerable proportion of the capital needs of the country. This $1,000 that you have in the savings bank may now be loaned to a wheat farmer in the Mississippi Valley, or it may be loaned to a railway that has used it for the building of new tracks. All the savings banks deposits are at work in the country producing wealth. Your interest from the bank is your share of this wealth production, turned over to you in payment for the use of your capital.

If you withdraw your funds from the savings bank, the bank will probably not be obliged to sell any of its securities to get the money for you, because some other individual will be making a deposit while you are withdrawing yours. But if a great many people, like yourself, decided that they preferred to do their own investing in securities rather than have it done by the savings banks trustees, the result would be that the savings banks would be obliged to sell securities to get the funds to pay depositors, and it might be that the very securities sold would be the securities bought by the depositors.

It must be plain to any one who stops to consider the function of savings banks that any wholesale withdrawal of deposits would force a heavy liquidation in our markets of the high-grade securities now in the vaults of the banks. At a time like this, when the financial markets of the world are burdened with an unprecedented volume of securities for the prosecution of the war, it is unthinkable that the savings banks should be obliged to force more securities on the markets. Of course the Government would not allow such a thing to happen. The Secretary of the Treasury would consider it a paramount duty to keep savings bank credit as sound as the credit of the Government itself.

A number of inquiries from Outlook readers have been received the last few months seeking advice on the exchange of savings banks deposits for investment securities. To all of them we have made the same answer: "Keep your money in the savings bank." We have gone so far as to say to readers who desired to purchase Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps with savings bank funds that it is better to leave savings bank deposits untouched, and use only new savings for the support of the Government.

We do not believe that money should be taken out of the savings banks to be loaned to the Government. The credit of the Government is more likely to be disturbed than aided by such a course. Over and over again it must be reiterated that the need of the Government now is for current savings. The war cannot be financed by the sale of securities by one citizen to another. This does not increase the wealth of the country by a single cent. New wealth can come only from new production, and the billions that we must put at the service of the Government to bring the war to a victorious end must come out of our current production and our current savings.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. A circular of the —— Company was mailed to me by a firm of investing bankers who are members of the New York Stock Exchange. It describes certain 7 per cent gold notes, issued in 1917 and maturing in 1920. With each $1,000 note is a stock option warrant entitling the holder to buy within a certain period 25 shares of stock at $45 a share. I cannot understand why this concern should try to float the stock at $45 when it is being sold on the exchange at $30.

A. The convertible bond is an excellent medium for providing new capital for a corporation. It is, in fact, an option to purchase before the end of a stated time the stock of the corporation at a stated price, usually fixed at a point considerably higher than the market valuation when the bond is issued. If the corporation prospers and the market value of the stock rises above the conversion price during the period, then the privilege becomes of value to the bondholder. For example, in the case of the corporation you mention, if during the period during which the bond can be converted into stock at $45 a share, the stock rises, say, to $60 a share, the holder of the convertible bond has the privilege of conversion into stock at a cost to him of $45 and selling the stock on the market for $60, thus making a profit of $15 a share.

In recent years convertible bonds have been a popular and desirable form of corporation financing, especially in providing new railway capital. Among the railway companies that now have convertible bonds outstanding are Atchison, Atlantic Coast Line, Baltimore and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, St. Paul, Erie, New York Central, New Haven, Norfolk and Western, and Southern Pacific. When Mr. Harriman was building up his Pacific system, he used the convertible bond with great success, and the purchasers made handsome profits. The convertible bond is a desirable method of providing new capital for a growing corporation because it facilitates the raising of capital when there is no adequate market for new stock; while at the same time it makes it possible to put the company's financing on a sounder basis later on, by reducing the debt and increasing the capital if the growth of business during the period of conversion advances the market

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Seasoned Public Utility Bonds Netting 6%

First mortgage on modern hydro-electric property.

Cash cost of security three times loan.

Net earnings four times interest.

Issued with approval of a State Railroad Commission.

Company supplies power to industries of vast importance in times of peace as well as war.

Send for Circular No. 1004Z.

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You should then invest your surplus in safe and sound securities of corporations engaged in producing things essential to a nation at war—Public Utilities, for instance.

Let us send you our Circulars O and O-200 to aid you in selecting such an investment.

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"FIFTY GOOD REASONS"
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Capital & surplus $500,000 *Established 1872*

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE BUILDING

$850,000 First Mortgage

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An unusually stable investment whose value will not fluctuate. Bonds in denominations of $100, $500, $1000, and $5000. Directly secured by First Mortgage on building and land in fee. Valuation $1,771,755. Information sent upon your request for booklet, "A Buyer's Guide to Good Investments."

Federal

Bond & Mortgage Co.

Harry W. Ford, Pres. (80)

90L Griswold Street Detroit

Questions and Answers (Continued)

value of the stock above the conversion price.

It is always desirable to finance a company with as little debt as possible, compared with the amount of share capital. The reason for this is that in a period of lean earnings a company with a large debt may be unable to pay its interest, and so be forced into bankruptcy; if the bulk of the capital is in the form of stock instead of bonds, then the reduction in earnings and the consequent reduction of dividends does not affect the solvency of the company. Interest on bonds must be paid, but dividends can always be reduced or passed.

We discussed in these columns several months ago the dangerous growth of railway debt as compared with capital in the form of stock. A railway with a large proportion of debt has a very narrow margin of safety in periods of thin earnings. Nearly all the railway bankruptcies of recent years have been of companies that were unable to sell stock and were forced to issue an abnormally large proportion of bonds. When earnings fell off, these companies were unable to meet their obligations to their creditors or bondholders, and were forced into receivership. The convertible bond is a means of bridging a company over a period in which it cannot provide needed capital requirements by the sale of new stock, and gives it the opportunity later on, if earnings sufficiently expand, to readjust its financing on a sounder basis.

Q. I own the following railway stocks:

10 shares Mil., St. Paul & S. S. Marie, costing	$74¼
5 shares Southern Pacific, costing	98
10 shares Atch. Top. & Santa Fé, costing	96
10 shares New York Central, costing	86

Would you advise selling these stocks at present prices, taking a considerable loss, and reinvesting the proceeds in higher grade securities with the possibility of getting a better return on my money? I am a holder of both issues of Liberty bonds and shall invest in the next issue. I have about $1,000 to invest. What would you advise me to purchase?

A. We presume the "Soo" stock is not the common stock of this company, but the Wisconsin Central leased line stock that pays a dividend of $4. If you sell these stocks on the present market, you would receive about $2,500 for them. Your dividends are $180 a year. In other words, your investment is selling in the market now on a basis of about 7.2 per cent. You could invest this money in bonds or other securities of greater stability, but if you did so you could hardly expect to receive as high an interest yield. High-grade railway bonds are now selling to yield from 5 to 6 per cent, and there are some excellent public utility bonds that yield at current prices from 6 to 7 per cent. Some short-term securities, including international obligations, can be bought to yield a still higher return, but we think that, under the circumstances, you would do well to hold your railway stocks, all of which are of high rank. As was recently pointed out in these columns in a discussion of Government control of railway financing during the war, the dividends that you are now receiving on these railway stocks will undoubtedly be paid during the period of the war, and there is every reason to believe that when railway financing is readjusted after the war the Government will deal fairly with the owners of railway securities.

While a long war would mean a further decline in the market quotations of these stocks, we believe that the dividends are as well assured as any corporation dividends; we can certainly anticipate a rise in the market value of these stocks when peace is in sight.

As to the further investment of $1,000 that you are now considering, we think you would do well to diversify your purchases of securities. You have the choice of high-grade farm and real estate mortgages, of underlying railway bonds of undoubted stability, seasoned public utility bonds, and short-term corporation and Government securities. Any of the large financial institutions advertising in The Outlook will be glad to give you a selected list of securities of these various descriptions.

We suppose that you are putting some of your savings in the Government War Savings Stamps. We know of no better investment. They return about 4 per cent and are easily converted at any time into cash. We think that every investor who is accumulating savings ought to put a certain portion of his savings at the disposal of the Government by the purchase of War Saving Stamps. These can be bought at post-offices, banks, and retail stores throughout the country.

Liberty Loan Questions

How many times do you find questions coming up in your mind concerning Liberty Loan bonds which you can't answer?

You can easily and quickly learn almost any fact concerning Liberty Loan procedure by consulting our conveniently indexed booklet.

Send for Booklet H—48
"Your Liberty Bond."

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THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH

A recent "Knoll Paper" on "The Children of the Church" has brought us the following response. We are glad to receive it and to give it to our readers, because it furnishes a concrete illustration of one way in which the Church can fulfill its unfulfilled duty of ministering to its children.

As the welfare of children, materially and spiritually, has always been of interest to me, your "Knoll Paper" on "The Children of the Church," in the issue of The Outlook for January 16, struck a sympathetic chord, and I agree with you that as a general rule the children are not given the consideration due them in the average church. However, there is an exception to this rule in our little city of Glens Falls, Christ Church (Methodist Episcopal), whose pastor is the Rev. Charles O. Judkins. In addition to our Bible school [held every Sunday afternoon], Dr. Judkins holds two special church services for the children each week: junior church at 6:30 Sunday evenings for young people from the ages of twelve to twenty, and child's church for the little ones from eight to twelve, which meets each Thursday afternoon at 4:15. At each of these services there is preached a specially prepared sermon. Many young people outside of Christ Church take advantage of the junior church, which proves its value and shows that it is appreciated.

As to our Bible school, we have a very well-equipped building for the purpose, with separate class-rooms for each class of the senior and intermediate departments, these rooms being provided with tables and chairs; and forty minutes is given to the study of the lesson. We also have a primary department and a kindergarten, which latter is in charge of a regularly trained kindergarten teacher. We have a graded school governed by a grading commission, and we are using the Constructive Bible Studies as outlined by the University of Chicago Press. Great care is taken by the grading commission in the selection of teachers, with the result that we have an efficient body of men and women for the work. One of the rules provides men teachers for the boys and women for the girls.

Dr. Judkins not only realizes the need of special church services for the children, but also feels the need of a better knowledge of the Bible among the adults; and, with that end in view, he has a men's class and a women's class for the modern critical constructive study of the Bible, on different evenings of each week. The attendance at the men's classes averages ninety and at the women's over a hundred. We are peculiarly blessed in having for our clergyman a man with a vision.

L. CAROLINE MAYER.

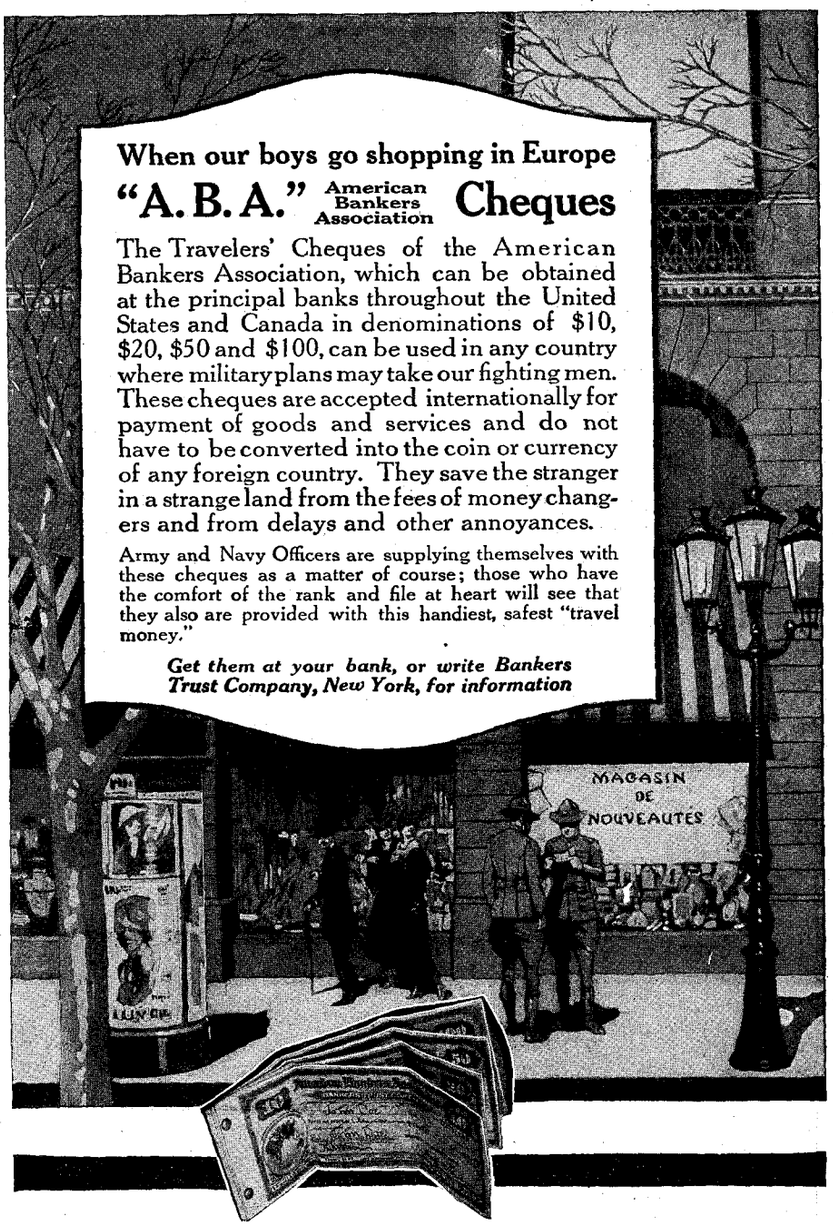
Glens Falls, New York.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND THE BOSTON ELECTION

On the question of women voting as to school committees, no reform was gained in Boston, despite the fact that most of the reform or good government nominees were elected—men only voting for these. Taking this into account with the New York suffrage and Tammany victory, would not the natural inference be that the question be left to single States at least, if not to the women themselves?

CHARLES H. LINCOLN.

Worcester, Massachusetts.


When our boys go shopping in Europe
"A. B. A." American Bankers Association Cheques
The Travelers' Cheques of the American Bankers Association, which can be obtained at the principal banks throughout the United States and Canada in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100, can be used in any country where military plans may take our fighting men. These cheques are accepted internationally for payment of goods and services and do not have to be converted into the coin or currency of any foreign country. They save the stranger in a strange land from the fees of money changers and from delays and other annoyances.
Army and Navy Officers are supplying themselves with these cheques as a matter of course; those who have the comfort of the rank and file at heart will see that they also are provided with this handiest, safest "travel money."
Get them at your bank, or write Bankers Trust Company, New York, for information
MAGASIN DE NOUVEAUTÉS

Are You An Investor?

During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. This service is entirely free to Outlook readers.

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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Warning!

This year YOU must pay an Income Tax

Don't feel that the new income tax does not apply to you—you may be pretty sure it does.

Single persons with incomes of $83.33 or more a month ($1,000 or more a year) and married persons with incomes of $166.66 or more a month ($2,000 or more a year) must file a statement of this income with the Government. It is only the income above $1,000 and $2,000 which is taxed.

This statement must be filed on a form which the Internal Revenue Representative in your community has. To locate him, ask your employer, the Postmaster, or any Banker.

Get the necessary form at once. Your statement must be filed before March first and you must not neglect it—for two reasons:

First: it is your patriotic duty in helping to win the war.

Second: there are severe penalties to be visited upon you if you do.

This announcement is published by The Outlook to help the Government collect these taxes—and thus aid in winning the war.

Winter Sports

Each season adds many to the list of winter sports enthusiasts. For lovers of skiing, snow-shoeing, tobogganing, skating, and the like, the list of resorts to choose from, where these sports may be found, grows yearly and now includes **Rocky Mountain National Park** in **Colorado**; **Yosemite National Park** in **California**; **Mount Hood** in **Oregon**; and resorts in **New England, Pennsylvania,** and **Canada.** We shall be glad to send Outlook readers information about these resorts without charge.

TRAVEL AND RECREATION BUREAU

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.

BY THE WAY

A letter from an American soldier in France speaks appreciatively of the good things received at Christmas from the home folks: "One fellow got four mince pies; others fruit cake, etc. I myself have received two packages now, one with cigarettes, candy, socks, jam, handkerchiefs, and lots of things a sight for sore eyes over here. To-day I got a can of candy—fudge in it, real nut fudge. That was a good treat, too. The night before Christmas I went down by the river and slept in a bed for the first time since August. We built a fire in the fireplace and toasted crackers, ate nuts, dates, candy, etc. Christmas Day they gave us a fine dinner at the mess. . . . I am not making any special plans, but just looking for the chance to get back to that little family, which has increased by one since my departure—another little girl. . . . We think if we could get enough of the U. S. boys over here it would not take long to end this war."

How do you pronounce cantonment? Some people call it *can*-tonment, some can-*ton*-ment, and some can-*toon*-ment. The first is preferred by the Century Dictionary, the second by the Oxford English Dictionary, and the third by the Standard Dictionary. The last-named authority, however, has an advisory committee of eminent orthoepists, to whom words of disputed pronunciation are submitted, and a large majority of these have voted in favor of can-*ton*-ment. Can-*toon*-ment is said to be the favorite pronunciation in India. An old spelling of the word is "cantoonment."

Cleanliness is near to self-veneration as well as to godliness. A trained nurse tells in a recent book an incident illustrative of this fact. A neglected boy of nineteen had met with an accident and come to the hospital. The nurse had thoroughly washed and combed his hair and subjected hands and nails to cleansing and manicuring to which they were entire strangers. The boy was delighted. He felt his hair and looked at his hands a hundred times a day. When some friends came in to see him, he exclaimed, like a child with a new toy, "Look at me hair! Look at me hands! Ain't it great!"

The English Government, according to the "Railway Age," has granted another war bonus to railway workers—the fifth since the beginning of the war. The new bonus amounts to six shillings a week, bringing the total increase since February, 1915, to twenty-one shillings a week (about $5.25).

"James Murray, a seaman on Commodore Perry's flagship on the voyage that opened Japan to the world, died yesterday at his home in Brooklyn." So passed away the fourth "last survivor" of the Perry expedition who has come to the attention of this department since the publication in The Outlook of January 2 of the portrait of William H. Hardy, who at the time was supposed to be the only surviving member of the famous expedition. That trip to Japan seems to have had a remarkable influence in conferring longevity upon the fortunate sailors who accompanied Commodore Perry.

Tolstoy and Turgenev, famous Russian novelists, were contemporaries and friends, but on one occasion they had a serious falling out. As gathered from a recent biography, this is the story of their quarrel:

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By the Way (Continued)

The two famous novelists met at a friend's house. Turgenev spoke enthusiastically of his young daughter's new English governess, mentioning that she required the child to mend old, ragged clothes to give to the poor. "Do you consider that good?" demanded Tolstoy. "I certainly do," replied Turgenev; "it makes the charity worker realize every-day needs." "And I think that a well-dressed girl with filthy, malodorous rags in her hands is acting an insincere farce," commented Tolstoy. "I ask you not to say that," exclaimed Turgenev, hotly. "Why should I not say what I am convinced is true?" retorted Tolstoy. "If you say that again I will box your ears!" Turgenev cried, white with rage, and rushed from the room. A duel was narrowly averted. Afterwards these famous men became reconciled, and on his death-bed Turgenev wrote an affecting note to Tolstoy, addressing him as "the great writer of our Russian land."

A Cleveland man, according to the "Plain Dealer," tried to name his children so that they should not have nicknames. The eldest was named William, the next Willard, and then came Wilbert, Wilfred, and Wilmont. "Now everybody will have o speak the full names of each of these boys in order to distinguish them," said the ugenious father. "They are all big boys ow," concludes the "Plain Dealer," "and ey are respectively known as Billy, kinny, Butch, Chuck, and Kid."

A provincial British paper prints the lowing tribute to the activity of Governnt clerks in these times, with an added casm as to their supposed idleness in rmer days:

In a stroll through town by night one may see in rtain streets many men doing clerical work beud blindless windows. They are the overtimers the Government departments, some of which ve extended to extra houses. The spectacle may sfy the persons who used to complain that despite the schemes for relieving the unemployed nothseemed to be done for young men in Governt offices.

George Borrow, author of the well-known k "The Bible in Spain," which was the ult of his work as a colporter for an glish Bible Society, was in his youth a noisseur in pugilistic lore and in the als of crime. A set of books sold at tion in New York recently, "Celebrated ials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal risprudence," was his first work and was ompiled by him when trying to make his way in London as a young writer. Borrow was industrious; he got together the entire six volumes of this work, consisting of 3,600 pages, and put it through the press, in less than a year.

Under the heading "The Modern Village Blacksmith" the New York "Sun" publishes a parody that brings Longfellow up to date. The first two stanzas read:

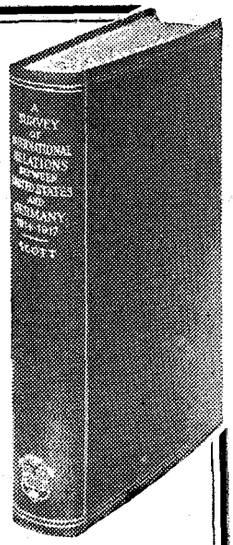
Under a spreading canopy
The Village "Shoffy" stands.
The "Shoff" a mighty man is he,
With large and itching hands,
And his plethoric pocketbook
Is wrapped with rubber bands.

His hair is short, and black, and slick.
His clothes are spic and span.
In his garage are satellites
Who graft whate'er they can,
But little is there left when he
Gets through with any man.

Among "Public Notices" in a New York City paper is this timely appeal:

MY COAL DEALER OUT OF BUSINESS. Can dealer furnish ton every fortnight? Address ——, etc.

"You Germans have only one will, and that is My will; there is only one law, and that is My law; only one Master in this Country. That is I, and who opposes Me I shall crush to pieces." — *Emperor Wilhelm II, King of Prussia.*



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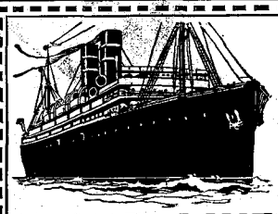

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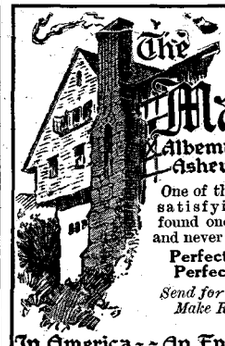

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